THE BYSTANDER
VOL CXVIII. No 1538

JUNE 7TH, 1933

The BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER

1/=

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross). Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).

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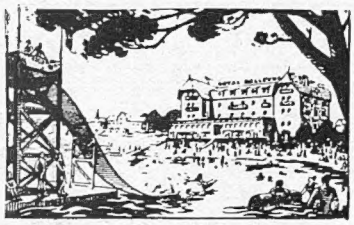

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Right on the Beach. 50 Baths. Dancing.

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhtel, Anvers.

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Ostend.—Hotel Providence-Regina.—First class; 200 rooms. Pension and à la carte. From 11s. per day.

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Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

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Le Touquet.—The Carlton.—Facing sea. Terms from Fs. 60. Branch House: The Carlton, Beaulieu (Riviera).

Rouen (S.I.)—Hotel de la Poste.—The best hotel for tourists with restaurant "Le Relais Fleuri." Same mngmnt.: Hotel Royal, Paris.

St. Cast (Nr. Dinard).—Celtic Hotel.—200 rms., 100 baths. On golf links, spec. rates for golfers. Facing sea. Tennis. Terms from 13s.

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GERMANY—*(continued).*

Baden-Baden.—Bad-Hotel "Zum Hirsch."—150 beds. All comfort. Rooms with private thermal baths. Pension Mk.: 9—up.

Bad Homburg.—Ritter's Park Hotel.—Mineral baths, sunbaths in the hotel. Patronised by H.M. King Edward VII. Pension from 9 Marks.

Bad Schwalbach/Taunus.—Staatliches Kurhotel.—Every rm. with priv. toilette & balcony. Erected 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Freiburg.—Hotel Freiburger Hof.—Modern House. 130 beds., 25 bathrooms. 5 o'clock tea. Trout fishing. Moderate rates.

Freiburg.—Hotel Zähringer Hof.—The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Dresden (Saxony)—**The Bellevue Hotel.**—Beautifully situated on the River Elbe Large Garden. Every Comfort. Garage.

PARIS.

Hotel Gibraltar, 35, rue Surene. Close Madeleine. Mod. building. Rooms 30 to 60 Frs. Incl. 50 to 60 Frs. English speaking staff.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank Every possible comfort Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Royal Hotel, — 33, Avenue Friedland. Champs-Elysées quarter. All comfort. Same management: Hotel de la Poste, Rouen.

MONACO (Principality).

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opp. casino Gdns., Beach. 1st cl. Pens. fr. Frs. 50. with bath Frs. 65. Suite Frs. 80.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Gland, near Geneva.—La Ligniere.—Splendidly situated in own private park and beach by the side of Lake Geneva. Ideal for rest.

The Bystander, June 7, 1933

No. 1538. Vol. CXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

Cannons of Hollywood

BEAUTY—TWO GENERATIONS

When Dorothy Hyson and her mother, Dorothy Dickson, go to the studio together, the fashion for mothers and daughters being photographed in company takes on a new aspect. Dorothy Dickson, in private life, is Mrs. Carl Hyson. Her daughter has inherited more than charm and good looks, she has shown herself to have no small talent on the stage in ingénue parts

THE · MIRROR · IN · MAYFAIR

Tunbridge

A Challenge to the 1933's

A new photograph of Mrs. Charles Sweeny, looking as lovely as ever. The new lot of debs will have to work hard if they are to reach the standard set by Mrs. Sweeny (then Margaret Whigham) and her friends when they came out

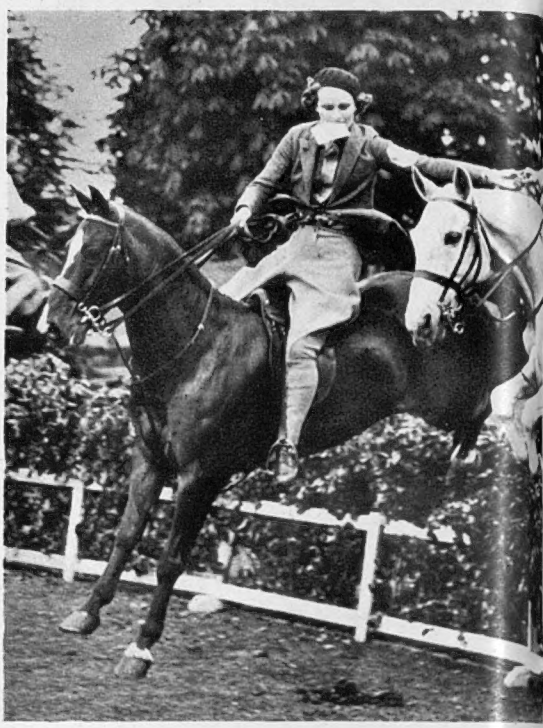
Beginning a new Series of Reflections on the World and his Wife . . . By "QUICKSILVER"

ANOTHER holiday past, and let us hope there will not be the usual repercussions of "Society Relaxed." Photographs of Duchesses playing leap-frog, or semi-intoxicated Earls in various stages of undress are not so amusing when they are reproduced a week or so later.

IT is peculiar of post-war Society that it has enjoyed performing its antics in public. It is extraordinary that so few of its members have either the conceit or the intuition to realise that they are a mirror for a large number of people all over the world.

I MET a man last week who had just arrived from South America. He told me of the almost unbelievable interest taken by the women who live there in the gossip and doings of Mayfair. The other day one of them said to him: "I see Diana has given a party." "Diana who?" he asked. "Diana Cooper, of course," was the reply. "Do you know her?" he said, somewhat surprised. "Oh, no," was the answer; "but I feel I do—I've read so much about her."

PATHETIC, snobby, homesick women from Rio to Siam, poring over the tit-bits of gossip, treasuring scandalous whisperings, fans to a publicity which moves in a mysterious way, throwing first this person and then that into the limelight which is pitilessly critical.



Miss Irene Mann-Thompson and Miss Laline St. John Bett competing in the Crayon Race, which they won, in the Mounted Sports at Ranelagh

IN my opinion, it is only fair that people of position should pay for the advantages—which are undeniable—of their position. Pay by being unable to enjoy obscurity. If you are a public figure in any way, you are an actor with an audience, and, as every theatrical star knows, the audience must never be disappointed.

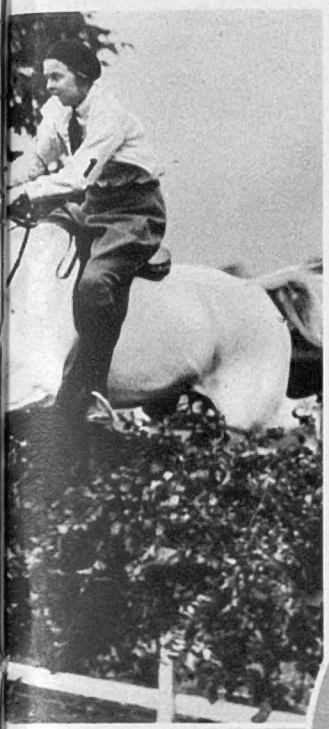
Miss Royston, Mrs. Campbell Heathcote, and Lady Furness were photographed around lunch-time outside the famous restaurant where everyone would like to be photographed around lunch-time

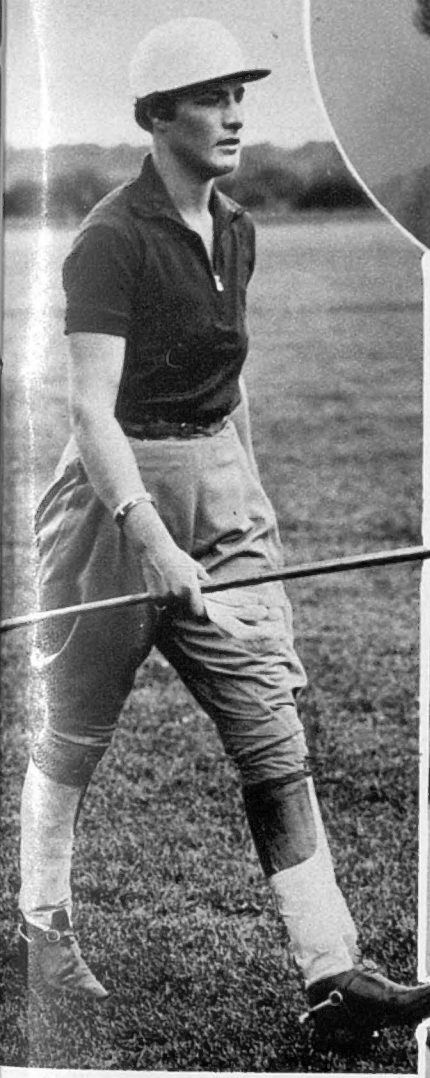
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Senior were down at Ranelagh watching the Mounted Sports together. Before her marriage last summer Mrs. Senior was Miss Norah Joicey,

WHEN I have seen the Duchess of Sutherland resplendent and beautiful in tiara and decorations at a political reception, I hate to see her another night dressed as a pierrot or some such fanciness. Duchesses should be dignified; Dukes should pay their bills; Statesmen should not fight their way into crowded night-clubs.

AS a democrat, I like leaders; as an Englishman, I like my leaders "unsullied."

PERHAPS dignity will be fashionable in a year or two: this has been a sober season so far. The débutantes have looked and behaved as débutantes should; there have been no freak parties, no wild orgies. In fact, the Press has been hard put to it to find firework headings.





Lady Priscilla Willoughby, Lord and Lady Ancaster's daughter, on her way to play for the "Reds" in a mixed polo match at Melton

Hay Wrightson

Miss Priscilla Weigall

Sir Archibald and Lady Weigall's only daughter was one of last year's debs; she is nineteen. The Weigalls have a house at Ascot, where they entertain a good deal

Tunbridge

Mrs. George Montagu-Pollock

The lovely Norwegian wife of Mr. George Montagu-Pollock, before her marriage in 1927, was Miss Karen-Sofie Dedekam. Her husband, who used to be in the Navy, is the eldest son of Sir Frederick Montagu-Pollock. The Montagu-Pollocks live mostly in Oslo; they have a son of five and a daughter of two

Left: Mrs. Wills Moody and Mr. Arthur Lowe, the old Davis Cup player, at Wimbledon, where Mrs. Wills Moody made her first appearance this year in an afternoon's practice with Mr. Lowe

THERE is hope, therefore, that among young Mayfair to-day there may be found a Lord and Lady Willingdon for to-morrow—surely the most outstanding example of dignity, personality, and understanding; a man whose power is based on the security of vision with strength, and whose wife is a constant inspiration to him.

DÉBUTANTE parties still have a large sprinkling of young married women to enliven the proceedings, for, as an anxious chaperone explained naïvely: "They must be asked, otherwise the men are so painfully young." The "marrieds" do not always return the compliment.

The Mirror in Mayfair

(Continued from page 411)

LADY DUNN'S pre-Whitsun birthday party was noticeable for being a party of her contemporaries. This is a more sensible and more enjoyable arrangement than a mixed bag of all ages, for ambitious mammas have found, to their chagrin, that the eligible bachelors seek the attractive married women, leaving the debs to the ministrations of the more elderly married men, who have got to the stage of "liking 'em young."

AT the Dunns' house — or rather, houses — one finds brains and intense vitality. Sir James is an extraordinarily forceful personality. He believes in tenacity, and he gets what he wants. His great friends may all be described as great men, in their own way. A day never passes when Sir James does not see or at least communicate with Lord Beaverbrook. Augustus John is a constant guest in the rooms at Norwich House, where some of his best work is hung. One also finds Lord Ashfield, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Harry MacGowan, and Lord Castlerosse — who is undoubtedly one of the wittiest men of our generation. Two of Sir James's greatest friends are dead, but he is not the only person who will remember them with respect and affection. One was that famous and beloved Irishman, Tim Healy; the other was "F.E.," the late Lord Birkenhead.

Lenare

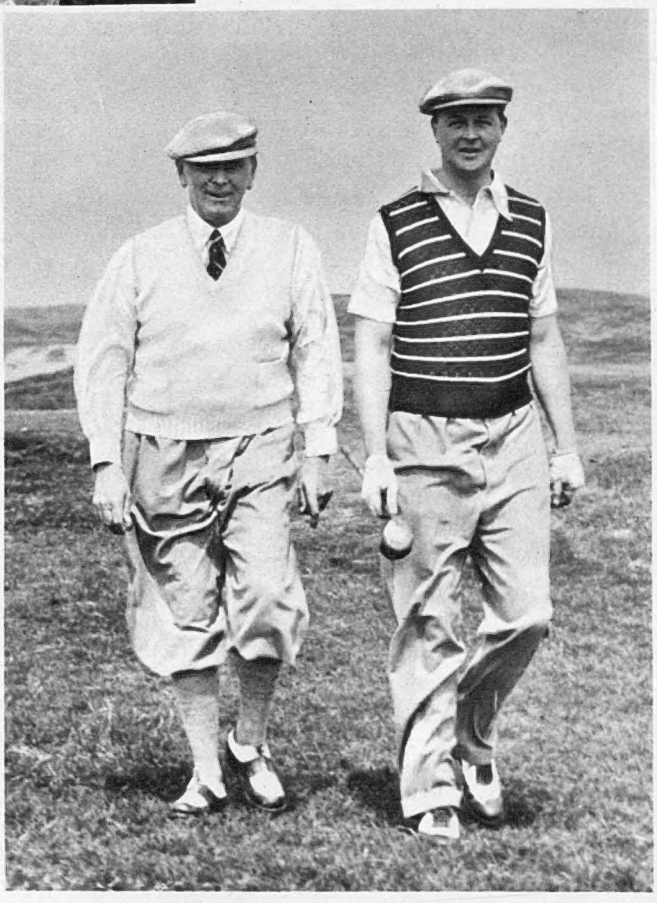
Miss Elizabeth Bowlby

Miss Bowlby, who is twenty, is the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby, and a niece of Lord Valentia. Mrs. Bowlby is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Duchess of York; her husband, who was in the Blues, was killed in the War

Lady Amy Biddulph getting her two small daughters, Molly and Susan, ready before their "turn" at the charity matinée at the Aldwych Theatre in aid of St. Dunstan's, at which very young Mayfair gave a dancing, boxing, and gymnastic display

Right, above: Miss Primrose Salt and Lady Marguerite Blígh, the Chairman of the Horseshoe Ball Young Committee, starting out on their round as "sandwich-men" for the Ball on Derby Night

Above: Audrey Combe, Lady Moira Combe's daughter, and Barbara Crichton, daughter of Sir George and Lady Mary Crichton, doing their Indian-club act at the St. Dunstan's matinée at the Aldwych



"Scatters" v. "Butter and Eggs"

Sir Mathew Wilson (9) played against Lord Blandford (6) in the third round of White's Club Golf Tournament at Prince's, Sandwich, and was defeated 3 and 2

Right: Mr. George Wood, son of the late Capt. J. L. Wood and Mrs. Wood, and grandson of Mr. George F. McCorquodale, and Miss Joan Halsey, Rear-Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey's daughter, were married at Old Warden, Bedfordshire. They are spending part of their honeymoon at the Prince of Wales's Canadian ranch, which he has lent them

Clare, Countess Cowley, and her daughter, Lady Diana Wellesley, out shopping together. Lady Diana Wellesley is engaged to Mr. Daniel Dixon; they are planning to be married in July

SIR JAMES has one son, Philip, who is doing extremely well in America, although he is at present over here on a visit. It is difficult to be the son of a great, famous or notorious man. It is a handicap to individuality and puts youthful personality to a diffident disadvantage.

MOTORING south of London, I passed Leeds Castle, and joined for a few minutes the crowd of eager sightseers peering over the fence which borders the main road. The sun was shining on the lake, and the grey stone castle was fantastically grim and romantic, silhouetted against a background of green and copper beech. I wonder if Lady Baillie realises how much she is envied by the thousands passing by? I wonder if she is as happy as they expect her to be? She is good looking and well dressed; she is one of the richest women in England. Her second husband is good looking and a Member of Parliament.

TO INTRODUCE . . .

"THE MIRROR IN MAYFAIR" on this and preceding pages

"HOT-POT" on page 414

"MUSIC & ALL THAT" on page 422

"CELEBRITIES IN CAMEO" on page 430

"STANDING BY" on page 437

OUR NEW BOOK REVIEWER A. C. Macdonell on page 447

All new regular features

MARCONI is in London, although few people know it. He is very shy and he hates publicity. When meeting strangers, he has a hesitating manner, combined with a gentle courtesy which is very charming in such a famous person. His popularity all over the world is undeniable. One has only to glance at the many signed photographs aboard the Electra, his wonderful yacht, to find out that emperors, rulers, potentates, stars in every sphere, have extended to the King of Wireless their admiration and their friendship.

I SAW Marconi, the greatest wireless expert of all time, listening to the greatest living musician—Kreisler. Thousands of people sat spellbound while a grey-haired man in a frock-coat carried them into realms of incomparable beauty and sweetness. For two hours they forgot their troubles, their difficulties, the world situation, and the sordidness of petty domesticity. The most commonplace faces took on a look of spiritual happiness. A sensitive face like Lady Forres' stood out almost ecstatically radiant, and somewhere in that vast audience Frau Kreisler listened to her husband. She never misses a concert; she watches over the genius whose name she bears with the tenderest care. Perhaps that is why Kreisler's own compositions are exquisitely sentimental.

HOT·POT

Mother and Daughter *Yevonde*

A new portrait in double of Brenda, Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, who married Colonel Somers Somerset last year, and her only daughter, Lady Veronica Hornby, who is the wife of Mr. Anthony Hornby

Sisters

Princesse Alphonse de Chimay and her sister, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, together or separately, are established features at all the best parties. They are the daughters of Lord Ernest Hamilton

DID you go to "Caviare's" funeral last Wednesday? There were no hors d'œuvres, by request.

* * *

THE door has no bar when the moon (that fair huntress, Diana!) is in the ascendant.

* * *

WHY should Nancy be so lovely? Why should Baba be so sweet? Clever Cecil makes the money— Aren't the Beatons just a treat?

* * *

DOES a beautiful actress from far-off shores like it *sunny*?

* * *

WILL Lord "Oliver Twist" get the *reward*?

* * *

A YOUNG gentleman is altering his coat-of-arms. Will a green bay-tree be one of the quarterings?

* * *

WHERE, oh, where has a little dark lady gone? Where, oh where has she *wandered*?

HAS the cessation of a romance which could not have a happy ending smoothed the return for an old love with a title, good looks, wealth, and marriage to offer?

* * *

HUNTING circles are "giving tongue" about a well-known man and a famous Countess.

* * *

A YOUNG gentleman in the Brigade is lying low. The explanation can be easily told by four well-known letters of the alphabet.

* * *

ISN'T a well-known man paying and paying quite unnecessarily? Courage is all he requires to escape.

* * *

WHERE a very lovely lady is concerned: "The devil [and many others] a monk would be."

QUESTIONNAIRE.

DOES the big-game huntress mind having a devoted beau captured by a happy-by-any-fireside cat?

DOES Lord Wimborne enjoy watching the pageant of beauty from his corner table at the Ritz?

* * *

A REPUTATION for tennis should be an asset, but maybe the whole affair is very milk-and-soda.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN Peer has run away so often and from so many. Will he soon be running into them again?

* * *

WHAT is a friend without a flat? A peerless inefficacy.

Putting the Salt in Epsom

The Derby Ball

Table for Four at Grosvenor House *Swaebe*

Left: the Hon. Mrs. James Beck and her husband were at the Ball with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Compton

Lady Milbanke, the Chairman of the Ball, which was held in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital, is with Mr. Pat Beresford

Swaebe

Above: Lord and Lady Weymouth talking to Count Orloff-Davidoff. Lady Weymouth was another member of the Derby Ball Committee

Above: Lady Patricia Ward, the Earl of Dudley's youngest sister, and Mr. Raye were dancing together when they happened to pass the camera

Left: Lady Dalkeith and Mr. A. Duff Cooper going round the very crowded floor

Swaebe

Above: the wit and the humourist exchanging a few words: Viscount Castlerosse and Mr. Nelson Keys

Left: Viscountess Castlerosse, who was on the Ball Committee and Patrons' list, talking to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton

Swaebe

Lady Pamela Smith and the Hon. Sheila Berry, two members of the small and select, hard-working and good-looking Junior Committee, with Mr. Peter Thursby

"Oh, Who Will O'er the Downs So Free?"

All the World at Epsom for the Derby

Left: Lord and Lady Digby and Mrs. Daley in the paddock, where all the photographs are taken

Right: The Princess Royal, with Mr. W. R. Jarvis, the King's trainer, Lord Harewood and Major Tomkinson, who is the manager of the King's racing stables

Left: Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Player were taking their racing very seriously

Right: Lord Decies, with his younger daughter, the Hon. Moya Beresford and Lady Joan Colville

Left: Sir George and Lady Beaumont on their way back to the Stands

Above: Lady Penrhyn and Mrs. Loder, looking the complete racing-women, and as if they'd just backed a good thing

Mr. J. C. and Lady Irene Clark, who were married last February, were at Epsom for the first day's racing last week

Viscount Furness walking round with Mrs. Enid Cavendish, whose engagement has recently been announced

Gordon Richards, on Dignitary (leading), winning the Speedy Plate, at Windsor. He rode three winners and dead-heated in a fourth race, and rode, in all, fourteen winners in a week—a champion record, even for him

A Racing Reverie:

Why I Like Ascot: By "Regular"

WHITSUN is a splendid festival, looked forward to by all. No matter whether you go to Le Touquet, Hurst Park, or Hampstead, you will find the same spirit of revelry and determination to make the most of the fact that the banks are closed on the Monday, and that you 'll be infernally unlucky if you have to meet the cheque before Wednesday.

THESE festivities, however, have a somewhat bewildering effect on the enormous machinery connected with producing a great newspaper. Editors scream for "copy" at the most inconvenient moments, with the result that this article, which I had intended to devote to all the "dirt" at Epsom, isn't about Epsom at all, but a little chat about what you 'll be seeing and doing at Ascot next week; while in next week's masterpiece I 'm going to "spill the beans" about Epsom. However, don't blame me—blame Whitsun.

ASCOT is, of course, composed of those in the Royal Enclosure and those who "forgot to apply." To admit being refused a voucher is tantamount to boasting of halitosis or disapproving of fox-hunting.

THIS is not to be wondered at, of course, as, provided you haven't been divorced, you must be "just too bogus" if you get one of those polite little notes about "owing to the number of applicants, Viscount Churchill much regrets," etc., etc.

ONCE, however, you have decided you can't stick one another any longer, you 're out, and you will find it just as hard to get by those gentlemen in green plush as it is to get into the Bibury Club if you 're not a bona-fide member.

ASCOT is, I think, the finest advertisement for monogamy one could produce, as one finds more husbands and wives together there than anywhere else. Ten to one they haven't exchanged a dozen civil words since last year, but there is an unwritten law that, although you may go to Epsom, Brighton, Ally Pally, and the White City with someone else's, you must always turn up at Ascot (the first day, at any rate) with your own.

I LOVE Ascot, though at times it has cost me very dear. Two-thirds of one's yearly income is a big price to pay for four days' fun. The "needle" is the most dangerous complaint a backer can contract. The "needle," when washed down with a copious supply of champagne, is more devastating still. "Mother," in her little bar in the paddock, is one of my dearest friends, and as familiar a figure as the winning-post or the weighing-room, but constant association with her has, on occasions, proved expensive. I never have been able to understand why I always want to lay the odds after a bottle.

I DO not wish to appear unduly pessimistic and to meet troubles half-way, but there 's no getting away from the fact that we 're due for a black Ascot. For several years now, backers have won money, and, believe me, this is far from being in accordance with tradition.

FURTHERMORE, the blackest Ascots usually occur when the three-year-olds are a bad lot. Good horses run true to form time and again, bad horses never run twice alike. Because one finished close up in the Derby, it doesn't necessarily mean it 's a good thing at Ascot.

NO; things are not always what they seem at Ascot. All is not gold that glitters, and the fact that most of your bookmakers will double your credit there is not just due to their anxiety to do you a turn, but is in some way prompted by the fact that they consider it extremely unlikely you will win.

I HAVE only missed one day's racing at Ascot since the war, and I have never failed to enjoy myself. For six years I never had a winning week, and I have frequently left the course on the Friday vowing "Never again."

HOWEVER, long before the next year—yes, and I regret, even before I had settled with my bookmaker—I found myself looking forward to another Ascot; and can you wonder at it?

LOVELY horses, lovely women, good food and good wine, and, above all, an atmosphere of luxury and well-being which is Ascot—what more could one ask for? When I am at Epsom I think I like racing there better than anywhere in the world—until I get to Ascot.

FINE weather and favourites are the two things essential to one's supreme enjoyment, so may the sun shine and the certainties oblige. May the champagne, lobster and strawberries all be up to standard, and may you all be photographed looking your best. What a week you 'll have!

HOWEVER many winners he may ride and train in the future, I am sure none will give my friend Teddy Lambton quite the same thrill as his victory on Ballet Dancer at Lewes. Like Dr. Alington, Teddy Lambton, who is aged sixteen, has left, but whereas the good Doctor is to become Dean of Durham, Teddy Lambton is to become a trainer. With his father and mother and Tommy Weston as tutors, he should make a great career.

Stars on the Horizon?

Two Promising Young Emotional Actresses

Sketches of "Music in the Air," at His Majesty's, by Rouson

Weber, the music publisher (C. V. France), goes gay with the water-jug, while Doctor Lessing, alias Apple Face (Horace Hodges), assists to the best of his ability

To discover two young emotional actresses in one week is not bad going. "Emotional" is a bit vague, but it will do. The power to convey, even more by look than by word, the utter simplicity and pathos of youth with a broken heart is too much for the average ingénue. You can buy dolls which weep real tears, but the essence of the tragic poise springs from deeper founts of pity.

Our first discovery is Nancy Hornsby, and in any of the next seven or eight plays about the Brontës I shall expect to see her among the sisterly scribes of Haworth. Miss Hornsby has looks, presence and repose; she moves with a straight-backed Victorian sweep, and with this unaffected, old-world grace goes a grace of the spirit. To suffer with the mute martyrdom of a wounded dove is a quality demanded by the daughter of that John Brown whose fanatical spirit is now marching bravely on at the Shaftesbury. *Gallows Glorious*, by Ronald Gow, is yet another of those biographical plays which authors have been encouraged to write by the score ever since the ghost of Mr. Barrett returned to Wimpole Street. Historically-minded people who vaguely associate Mr. Brown with a mouldering grave will be glad to polish up their history and learn a bit about the forerunner to Abraham Lincoln. Lost causes, plus antiquity, have an undeniable appeal (look at Oxford), and this story has an historical exterior (Slavery), with a domestic lining (more Slavery) which oils the wheels of thought.

In spite of an intensive portrait (with Ainley undertones) by Wilfrid Lawson of the old tyrant who sacrificed his sons for a principle and followed them to the gallows, and in spite of the thunders of applause and the Press notices, I still have a sneaking, low-down feeling that the play is a wee bit dull. Interesting, but—well, you know how it is.

Plays Reviewed

"Gallows Glorious" (Shaftesbury)
"Martine" (Ambassadors)
"Spendlove Hall" (Queen's)

For the second discovery, you must sample *Martine*, at the Ambassadors, and test your reactions to the almost negative dramatic qualities of Jean-Jacques Bernard. This most sensitive of authors creates the simplest everyday surface, through which you look clearly at deep and poignant things. *Martine* is just the old peer-and-peasant tragedy of a country girl who never recovers from an innocent flirtation with the Squire's son. The scene is a French village near Paris, the young man (Hubert Gregg) is a soldier-journalist. Martine's cornfield romance is over when he marries the sophisticated girl whom Rosalinde Fuller plays with a restraint as welcome as it is effective. Hilda Trevelyan is tenderness itself as the boy's grandmother, and when she dies and the couple go to Paris, Martine is left with her clod of a husband (Roger Livesey mercifully subdues his peasant's callousness) to face her destiny of ceaseless farm-work and child-bearing.

I am neither prophetic nor rash enough to hail Miss Hopper as a budding genius with all the qualities of Jean Forbes-Robertson, Celia Johnson, Marie Ney, Jessica Tandy, and all that lot rolled into one, but if you can watch the dumb agony of this Martine dry-eyed and unmoved I shall be mightily surprised. My eager and appraising eye will be watching out for you, Miss Hopper, and you, too, Miss Hornsby.

There is an ingénue in *Spendlove Hall*, and a pretty one, too, but I don't fancy Iris Baker has serious designs on the emotional stakes. The piece in which she is appearing as I write (absit omen!) is a farcical comedy which might be a farce or a comedy if it wasn't a charade and a vaudeville show by turns. Through this patchwork of impolite jests and irrelevant fatuity, Davy Burnaby leads a forlorn hope with co-optimistic abandon.

TRINCULO.

The temperamental playwright (Arthur Margetson) and the prima donna (Mary Ellis), who is more temper than mental, rehearse a scene as they do everything else—very passionately!

White's on the Green

White's Club Members seen at Sandwich

Above: Capt. A. Freeland, Capt. J. Craigie and Lord Cochrane, the labourers' task being o'er, walking to the Clubhouse

C. A. Scott, with Capt. C. Gunston, taking a rest. The latter won the match by 7 and 5

Right: Rupert Belville, seen with the Earl of Westmorland, on the right, going to the fifth tee. The former won by 3 and 1

Sir John Milbanke, Bt., making a good drive from the fourteenth tee

Above: the Hon. Piers Legh, who lost his match against Major T. Bouch in the first round

Left: Ian G. Menzies and Norman Field, both of whom were defeated in the third round, the former by the Hon. Rupert Beckett, 4 and 3, and the latter by Major Le Roy Burnham, 2 up

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by
"Junk"

Caricatures by
"Jonk"

Egerton Hensley
A Coaching Man

R. de Sola
Cleaning his own Shoes

"I Challenge You!"
Sir Louis Greig in Richmond Park

THESE heat-waves, which are becoming a habit again, are a reminder of last August, when members mopped their brows and compared the price of War Loan with the temperature every day. This was no insult to War Loan's stability; the temperature in the Consol Market, which reached just under 100 last year, is always higher than anywhere else in the House owing to the fact of its being surmounted by glass. Everyone in the market thinks of the days when water was poured over the glass, which was quite an effective cooling system; its revival would be welcomed if this summer is as hot as it is expected to be. The rest of the House keeps at a fairly reasonable temperature, as there is an elaborate system of washing and cooling the incoming air.

R. DE SOLA'S stocks must keep his neck very warm this weather: he has a fine selection of them, in varied colours. He has lately become a member, and he has been to Court not once, but two nights running. On the first occasion, he was photographed, which caused him a very disturbed night; first he could not get off to sleep, and then he woke early and wasn't able to drop off again, so he got up and cleaned his own shoes (his Court shoes for his second visit to Buckingham Palace?). Mr. de Sola likes wearing Court dress, and goes to the Caledonian Ball in it. He always goes to Ascot, in the Royal Enclosure. Is it really true that he is A.D.C. to a foreign royalty?

A MEMBER who is seldom seen in the House nowadays is Hanson Lawson. He does all his work from his office, having found that he could keep in touch with things just as well by telephone, and get through much more work than when he spent his day in the Stock Exchange. He still comes in occasionally and pays visits to his friends. He is known as "Leslie," partly because of his name, and partly because of his slight likeness to Leslie Henson. He wears the perfect City man's clothes, just exactly what everyone would imagine a financier to wear. He has a very good business, mostly in the gilt-edged market, and many of his best clients have become so over a week-end game of golf, as it were.

HIS many friends are very glad to see Mr. Egerton Hensley back again, and fully recovered; he is a very charming man. He has numerous City interests, and is a member of the Court of Liverymen, and a past Master of the Grocers' Company. He has been a leading light in the coaching world for many years, but now confines his enjoyment to travelling as a passenger. One can see at a glance that he has spent a lot of his time choosing teams. In one corner of the House his visits always give rise to a series of clicking, horsey noises, and offers of "Cab, Sir?" to which he invariably replies, "Get on with your prices, Daimler!" The late Mr. "Willy" Baron was another well-known coaching man, and used to win regularly at Olympia and Richmond with his famous "Cadogan" teams.

THE Deputy Ranger of Richmond Park, Wing-Commander Sir Louis Greig, is a popular and noticeable figure wherever he goes, in the House and out of it—not, perhaps, quite as noticeable as he'd be if he went about in the sort of Robin Hood-esque clothes he's been dressed up in by "Jonk." He's always very well dressed, in point of fact, in the sort of clothes that the rest of the world envies Englishmen for: they may be old, but they have that indefinable air that only a first-class English tailor can impart to a suit. He has original ideas in ties, a good line in sponge-bag trousers, and the angle at which he wears his hat is superb. He is, perhaps, most famous for having invented a new way of "challenging" when he was first in the House: his use of the phrase "I challenge you!" in place of the usual formula, has now become a classic of the Stock Exchange.

EMPIRE DAY news includes two items. The first is that Alan Kirby is now to take the rostrum regularly and conduct "God Save the King" when its three verses are sung in the House on Empire Day, Armistice Day, and so on. The second is that one firm is reported to have substituted for the line, "Thy choicest gifts in store," the words, "Grant us a 'call of more.'"

ON Ascension Day, someone, on hearing that Johannesburg is always closed then, asked, "Is it a Jewish holiday too?"

ANOTHER conversation overheard in the House: "Solly, you've got a smut on the end of your nose." "Rub it off, old boy—it's nearer to you!"

SOMEONE has revived as an original example of Stock Exchange poesy what others may recognise as an old favourite, and what, anyway, more than deserves reprinting for its ingenuous charm—

"You sing a little song or two,
You have a little chat,
You take a little cake and wine,
And then you take your hat;
You kiss her hand and say 'Good-bye
As nicely as you can—
What a b——— silly evening for a
big, strong man!"

THE latest House epigram: "God bless the Rich; the Poor can beg."

NOTICE: Our unofficial Statistical Department is getting to work, and we hope to publish shortly (next week, if the Department don't go on strike, or get lost over Whitsun) a new kind of *Who's Who*, dealing with birds, animals, and other curiosities to be found in the House. Look out for this very special compilation; nothing like it will have been seen for twenty years—if ever.

POLO!

When Men are Men and Women are so Decorative

Above: Sir Gerald and Lady Fiona Fuller, Capt. Pearce and Capt. Philip Cripps at Ranelagh for the semi-final of the Buenos Aires Cup

Left: Miss Sebag-Montefiore and Baroness Alphonse Rothschild were there too, watching Friar Park beat Osmaston

Mrs. Tritton and Miss Mirian with Capt. G. E. Prior-Palmer, who was playing No. 3 for Osmaston in their match against Friar Park at Ranelagh

Above: The Hon. Mrs. G. N. Murray and the Hon. Nancy Pearson watched their brother, the Hon. John Pearson, who played for Ettington Park

Above (circle): Mrs. Barlow and Mr. Guy Tracey were two more who spent part of their afternoon at Ranelagh watching the Buenos Aires Cup game

Right: Miss Pamela Oliver, Miss Shawe-Taylor and Mrs. Oswald Battine, whose husband, Capt. Battine, played for the Bees against Ettington Park in the semi-final of the Ladies' Nomination Cup at Roehampton

The Musical Season at its Height: Italian Opera brings Mayfair,

MUSIC and all That . . .

Concert Halls—The Italian Opera — Two Baritones

By "Melos"

NOW that, after a few generations of combined national modesty and natural stupidity, it has been decided that there is not very much wrong with London's music—either our own or the fifty-seven imported varieties—some people seem to have discovered that all is not well with London's concert-halls.

The Albert Hall, it is argued, is remote and too large. The Queen's Hall is not remote but, for orchestral music, on the small side.

The smaller recital halls are said to lack personality, although how one can give personality to a concert-hall, and what one is to do with it when one has got it there, I do not pretend to be able to explain.

THE latest suggestion is to build a vast place in the centre of London which can be used for concerts of varying dimensions, for opera, for light opera, for ballet, and for, apparently, every form of musical activity.

Two theatres and several halls are to be embodied in this monstrous edifice, which is to be on the lines of Radio City in New York. It is to cost, "say, £3,000,000."

WELL, there is no harm in saying £3,000,000. The site? "Say, the Green Park." Well, there is, again, no harm in saying "the Green Park."

But, whatever the ultimate fate of Covent Garden, I doubt whether such a mammoth music-box would be desirable, even given the funds to run it and the necessary public support. Would the acoustic properties of the new theatre (to take that side of it only) be satisfactory? The chances are that they would be as unsatisfactory as those in so many new theatres in London where correct acoustics, since they are not used for opera, are not quite so vitally necessary.

Huge sums were spent on the new opera house in Chicago, and some of the greatest experts on acoustics in the world held confabulation. But in this respect the place is almost hopeless, as almost any new opera house built here will be so long as the material used for the auditorium is stone or ferro-concrete, and so long as the L.C.C. demands certain structural features.

Covent Garden is perfect because, inside, it is of wood. It is like an old and seasoned violin.

AND do we want—another feature of this alleged Utopian scheme—"opera all the year round"? We do not. Much point is made of the way vast masses of opera are given in Germany—often badly—and in France—invariably badly.

It need not be. There is no reason for envy. *Very little opera should be given. But it should be given supremely well.*

We need, however, rather more than the six weeks' season a year the Covent Garden Syndicate gives us. One reason why, except for Schorr, Frida Leider, and one or two more, the world's greatest singers cannot now be obtained for Covent Garden is that the guaranteed appearances in the season are too few to make the acceptance of the engagement worth while. In pre-war days, Destinn, Caruso, as well as the famous Germans, used to sing fifteen or twenty times in a season lasting from the middle of April to the end of July. Now, three or four appearances are all that can be offered.

HOWEVER, the Italian season in Bow Street, after a perfectly dreadful start with *Aïda*, settled down well enough.

There has been some good, though not superbly good, singing. *La Bohème*, which young Mr. Barbirolli (an Englishman)

5. Interlude: the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton and Mr. John Loder talking music

6. Two of the most attractive members of the audience that heard "La Bohème" were Mrs. Gerald Wellesley and Mrs. Pallache

1. Lady Oxford and Asquith, who is always to be found where there's anything worth seeing or hearing, is talking to Major Crawford

2. Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Moore went to the first night of the Italian Season to hear "Aïda"

3. The younger generation of "men about town" were represented by the Hon. Peter Acton and Mr. D. Smith-Bingham; they are talking to the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Woodruffe

4. The Brazilian Ambassador, M. Regis de Oliveira, his wife, their daughter, Mlle. Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, and Signora Grandi, the Italian Ambassador's wife, heard the first performance of "Aïda"

Dressed in its Best, to Covent Garden

conducted brilliantly, in spite of being rather in a hurry, was given a spirited performance, with Mme. Pampanini (who was so charming in *Manon Lescaut* a few seasons ago) as Mimi, and Signor Minghetti (who had sung a day or two before at poor Eustace Blois' memorial service) as Rodolfo.

Miss Odette de Foras, the Musetta, would be one of the best dramatic sopranos, for she has power and can act, if she could only conquer a tendency to wobble and become shrill.

Signor Borgioli, an amiable Italian with whom I found conversation the following day difficult, since he knows no English or French, was the best Marcello I have seen for some years.

PEOPLE rarely keep their temper about music, and to assert that the melodies of Puccini, particularly in *La Bohème*, are as delightful as ever, in spite of years of service as "selections" in restaurants, while those of Verdi in *Aïda* do not grow less blatant, to say the least of it, is to court what it is the custom to call "acrimonious correspondence." I venture the opinion, anyway.

But *La Bohème* really should not be rushed. There are four acts, but they are short ones, and the whole opera could, I believe, be performed in less than the time occupied by the first act of *Gotterdammerung*. On the Continent, they usually give a ballet or *Pagliacci* with it.

SINCE opera has been so organised this year that it stops dead just before the Economic Conference (there has never been any conspicuously economic touch about music at any time) is due to begin, when the social season is at its zenith, and when London is at its fullest, one would have thought that a series of symphony concerts could have been arranged.

But no. London is, for some inscrutable reason, symphony-less in June and July. I am told this is on account of the summer weather. So orchestral music of primary importance is reserved for the "Proms" in August, when it really *is* hot.

The B.B.C., with all their resources, do so much for music that they might stretch yet one more point and let London, and its visitors, have a first-class orchestra among its "seasonable" fixtures.

THERE are, however, plenty of recitals. I heard Mr. Jorgen Bendix, a Dane and, vocally, a very great Dane, sing some Schumann and some Wagner at the Wigmore Hall.

A baritone voice of smaller calibre but greater charm is that of the Hon. William Brownlow, only son of Lord Lurgan. Mr. Brownlow is singing quite a lot in public nowadays and has a praiseworthy "mission"—to inculcate the appreciation of songs by modern English composers, from Parry to such living song-writers as Roger Quilter, who is, perhaps, the best of them all.

7. Major Lionel Greenlees and Mrs. Archie Hay arriving at Covent Garden on the opening night of the season

8. A conversation piece in the interval, the conversationalists being Lord and Lady Carisbrooke and a friend

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides: By "Big Ben"

Elwin Neame

Mrs. Alan Dower, wife of Capt. Alan Dower, M.P., with her daughter, Natalie. Mrs. Dower is the daughter of Sir George and the Hon. Lady Clerk, of Panicuick

THE Whitsun holiday is as welcome to Members as to everybody else. It was a tired House that packed up and was off until next week. There is nothing so exhausting as boredom, and really, since Easter, we have had very little work to do to keep us interested.

INTERNATIONAL affairs, and, in particular, our relations abroad have never played so large a part in British politics as they do to-day. Our proverbial Man-in-the-Street is as ready to talk of Roosevelt or Hitler, of the Soviet, or the Danzig Corridor as he is of another penny off the pint or the Co-op.'s divi.

THE World Economic Conference opens in five days' time, and South Kensington secures a reputation in the world outside its specimens and antiques. The Prime Minister, in arranging that the Conference should be held here in London rather than in Geneva, has done us a good turn. The expenses of the Conference are borne by the League of Nations; the Government's hospitality bill may be slightly increased for the year, but the benefit to trade, which must ensue from an influx of, I suppose, not less than two thousand people, will be considerable.

THE British delegation, led by Mr. Chamberlain, should know its business. It has the experience of Ottawa to draw on, if nothing else. But the prestige of the American representatives has been strengthened even further by the addition to their numbers of Dr. Sprague.

THE United States' gain is the Bank of England's loss. I wonder how many people have understood the true value of Dr. Sprague to the Bank in these last few months. What revelations there are for our grandchildren if ever the story of 1931, 1932 and 1933 comes to be told!

WHEN Dr. Sprague was appointed there was a certain amount of criticism that an American should hold a position as adviser to the Bank of England. That it was one of Mr. Norman's usual machinations was the least that was hinted at. However, as Dr. Sprague was another mystery man himself, the critics did not get much forrarder.

THE men who make our history are usually the least known. How, in the future, will Sir Maurice Hankey be rated? Outside Downing Street and official circles he has probably never been heard of: certainly he is never talked about. Yet he holds more than one key position in the Government of this country. He is Secretary to the Cabinet and to the Committee of Imperial Defence, and he is Clerk of the Privy Council. He has been Secretary-General to I don't know how many international conferences. His experience is unique. But shall we learn, some time, of how he employs the experience? Or shall we never know, and be left only, as at present, just to guess?

SIR EDWARD GRIGG, who is fighting Altrincham, has had a varied career, the most dramatic years of which were when he was private secretary to Mr. Lloyd George. He has been in Parliament before, but then he was a Liberal. Now, in the truest Conservative tradition, he is chosen to fight a more or less safe seat while true-blues go to the wall.

IT has always been the same. Renegades have been received with enthusiasm and open arms; rebels have quickly obtained appointments. The loyal Sloggers are never considered, for the very reason that they are loyal sloggers, so why worry? There is a moral here which should be noted by the ambitious. Young Tory M.P.s—please note!

SIR ADRIAN BAILLIE, who is a young Tory M.P., and sits for Linlithgowshire, at least means to make a name for himself as a political host at his wife's country place, Leeds Castle, in Kent. I hear reports of week-end parties that savour of the political romance of the eighteenth century. And he knows how to choose his guests with circumspection. Captain Margesson is a frequent visitor, and Captain Margesson is the Patronage as well as the Parliamentary Secretary to the Treasury.

WHEN Herr Rosenberg was over here he was to have spent the week-end at Leeds Castle, when he was recalled to Berlin. It was generally supposed and stated that he was recalled by Hitler. In fact, he was recalled by the German Foreign Office, who banked on Rosenberg's report of British public opinion to back up their own view of the situation. This turned out to be the case and resulted in Hitler's amazing volte face in his speech to the Reichstag. Hitler, for the first time in his life, read his speech since it was not his speech, but the speech of the Wilhelmstrasse.

THE German situation is as serious as ever it has been. There is a suspicion that our Foreign Office is not entirely alive to it; they are believed to be too honest to be good diplomatists. I hope it is untrue!

BUT what would happen should Hindenburg die? Goering and Goebells would come into greater power, and it is doubtful if Hitler could restrain them.

That's British that was!

Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., Secretary of State for the Dominions, enjoying his Empire Day luncheon at the Junior Carlton Club, a meal which was served throughout with all-Empire ingredients

When We Were Very Young . . .

Lady Patricia Moore in Two Decades

Lady Patricia Moore's wedding to Sir Paul Lathom, M.P., is to be on June 29th at St. Margaret's, Westminster. She is having eight grown-up bridesmaids, Lady Caroline Paget, Lady Pamela Smith, Lady Elizabeth Murray, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, Miss Peggy Paget, Miss Helen Skene, Mlle Sylvia Regis de Oliveira, and Miss Lois Kerr Clark, and one child, Miss Pam Hay. They are all wearing white, in Renaissance style; perhaps the bride is already under the days-gone-by spell of Hurstmonceaux Castle, which Sir Paul Lathom owns

Here is Lady Patricia Moore herself in days-gone-by; perhaps she's building castles-in-the-air, which will come more true for her than they do for most people, when she goes home to Hurstmonceaux as a bride. She is the daughter of the Earl of Drogheda, who will give her away at her wedding, and Kathleen, Countess of Drogheda

Photographs by Paul Tanqueray and Marcus Adams

"The Lucky Number"

Clifford Mollison and Joan Wyndham in one of the Paris scenes from the film of the above name, a Gainsborough picture directed by Anthony Asquith, and to be released by Gaumont Ideal

Stuff that Heroes are Made Of . . .

"Don Quixote"—Curio: Anthony Asquith's "The Lucky Number" does for the London scene what Réné Clair did for Paris

By Sydney Tremayne

Another scene from "The Lucky Number," showing, centre, Gordon Harker as a publican and, right, Clifford Mollison, who takes the part of a professional football player attempting to redeem a winning ticket in a French lottery which he has traded to the publican for some drinks

The Passing Picture Show

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING said: "All heroes are essential men, And all men possible heroes." Well, here are two for your choosing: Don Quixote, the prototype of chivalry, Cervantes' cruel and ironic creation, played—or, rather, sung—by that great and romantic personality, Chaliapin himself; or Percy Gibbs, a professional footballer, as much Fate's fool, in his way, as Quixote himself, played by Clifford Mollison, whose versatility has proved equal to the portrayal (on the stage) of Barrie's dotards and the vocally inadequate but attractive comic lover in *White Horse Inn*.

THE two films concerned are as different as their heroes. *Don Quixote*, directed by the great Pabst, who grows more and more ponderous in his method; *The Lucky Number*, the latest and best picture made by Anthony Asquith, who is, in my opinion, the English director who shows the most imagination, the greatest sense of cinematographic values, comprehension of English humour and sentiment, and appreciable progress in the practice of his art. In *The Lucky Number*, Asquith does for London what Réné Clair did for Paris in *Sous les Toits de Paris*. It must be admitted that some of the more fantastic sequences are derivative, but Clair is a master and every master has his disciples. Incidentally, I think that the more imitative interludes are less successful than the direct and original Asquithian interpretation of the London scene, rendered realistically.

The Lucky Number fulfils one of the most important offices of good art, literary or pictorial—it tells contemporary truths. It is concerned with the lives of plain people, their pleasures and difficulties, humour, sentiments and language.

Clifford Mollison is excellent as Percy Gibbs, the footballer who is "warned off" because he kicked the ball into the face of a man who stole his girl, instead of through the goal-posts. He looks and speaks the part. But Gordon Harker, as a publican and "a Hackney man," is incomparable. He surpasses even the best of his previous Cockney impersonations. In *Rome Express* he won plaudits as a bore, but in *The Lucky Number* he has a perfect part, and every line he speaks, every gesture, every expression is a joy.

THE story of *The Lucky Number* is by Franz Shulz, but Asquith made his own scenario, and the dialogue, by Douglas Furber, is amusing, unforced, and contains racy and indigenous Cockney humour.

The opening of *The Lucky Number* was encouraging. The football match, the ground, crowds of spectators, the teams, dressing-rooms, and even the game (in which Arsenal players took part), were the "real thing," and some shots of urchins who are football enthusiasts, a delightful interpolation played with absolute spontaneity by some real little Cockneys.

The story is a comedy of errors concerning the difficulties which beset Percy Gibbs in his efforts to come by five and sixpence in order to redeem the winning ticket in a French lottery which he has traded to the Hackney barman in payment for some drinks. The bar and its patrons, dog-racing, a Jewish pawnbroker called McDonald, a fun fair, Croydon aerodrome, all enter into the picture, and are brilliantly assembled. Taken as a whole, the picture is triumphantly successful and entertaining.

FROM modern London to mediæval Spain—and, in place of the humble Percy Gibbs and his Winnie, that romantic, grandiloquent buffoon, Don Quixote, and his Dulcinea. . . . The humour of Cervantes' masterpiece, expounded by the German master of film technique, Pabst, with the giant (literally and artistically) Chaliapin as Quixote and that comic artist, Robey, as Sancho Panza, is undoubtedly an event in filmic history. Chaliapin is a great actor as well as a great singer, and makes the most of the pathos of the old knight and his dotard's dreams of chivalry. But the recording is disappointing; he is not clearly audible at the beginning of the picture, and his wonderful singing voice is not always heard to best advantage.

Quite frankly, the film seems slow and grandiose. This has been the case with others of Pabst's recent pictures: he is so preoccupied with the cinematographic value of the scene that action hangs fire. George Robey's acting is masterly, but his individual brilliance is sacrificed to the grand scale and large cast of the picture. A notable performance, in the small part of the Duke, is given by Miles Mander.

Don Quixote is a curiosity in film production, but not, I thought, a very entertaining picture.

Death Comes to the Profiteer

And Other Scenes in the Ballets Jooss to be Presented by C. B. Cochran

Paris has given to this remarkable show the warmest of welcomes, and it remains to be seen what London will think of the Jooss Season which will start for a limited run at the Savoy Theatre on June 12th

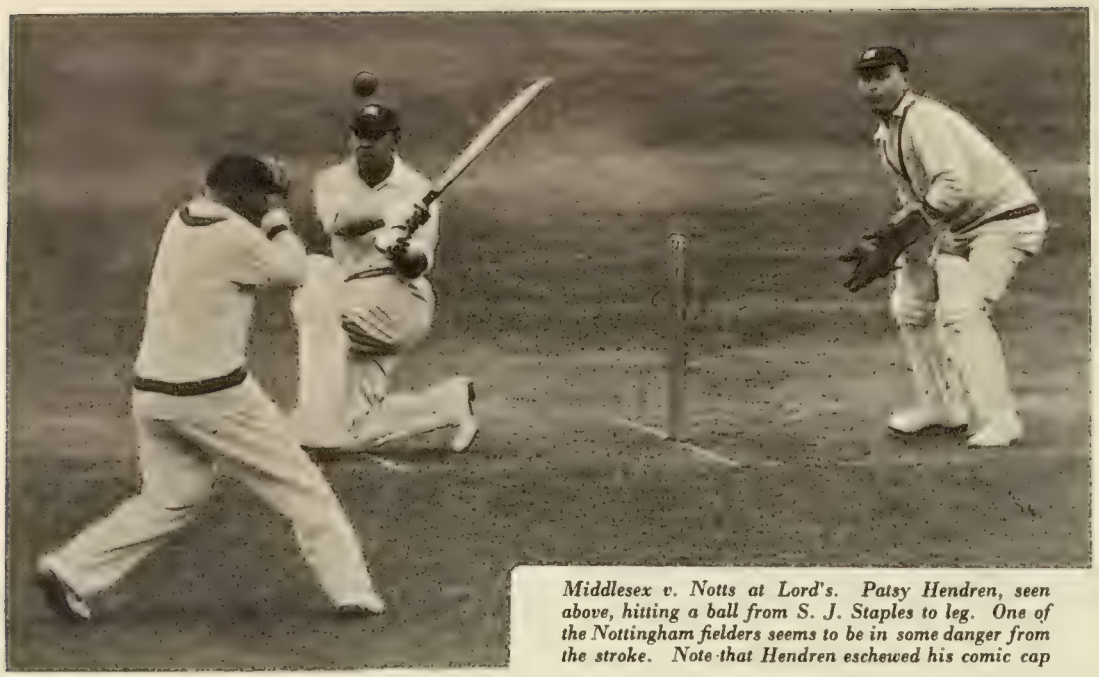
"Un Bal dans le Vieux Vienne"

Above: a scene from another Jooss Ballet, which contrasts forcibly with "La Table Verte," pictures from which are shown on this page. The theme deals with the time when Vienna was renowned for love, laughter, and music, and pays special tribute to the rhythm of the waltz

"La Table Verte"

Above, top: a scene from "La Table Verte," one of the Ballets Jooss, showing the leave-taking of the young soldier from mother and sweetheart. Above: the profiteer meeting his destiny when faced by death, an incident from the same ballet

On the right: another scene from "La Table Verte," which has caused such a great sensation in Paris. A macabre dance which, in some way, will recall the atmosphere created by Dürer, Holbein or Cranach



Middlesex v. Notts at Lord's. Patsy Hendren, seen above, hitting a ball from S. J. Staples to leg. One of the Nottingham fielders seems to be in some danger from the stroke. Note that Hendren eschewed his comic cap

Howard Marshall on Cricket

West Indies and 'Varsities

LAST week I wrote of Constantine's brief appearance in the West Indies' first innings against M.C.C. To-day I am sorely tempted to describe that astounding second knock of his, when he made 51, out of 66 runs scored while he was at the wicket, in twenty-five minutes.

You will begin to suspect, however, that I have a Constantine complex, so I will content myself with saying that such brilliant hitting goes far towards restoring our faith in the virility of modern cricket.

Perhaps I may enlarge for a moment, though, upon the lesson to be learnt from Constantine's fast bowling, and more particularly from the way in which some of the M.C.C. batsmen faced him. Constantine is fast, there is no doubt of that, and he is aggressive in the sense that behind every ball he delivers there is concentrated energy and venom. He bowls, indeed, as if he is continually hoping to make the ball explode and shatter the stumps, and it is this commendable fury of purpose which renders him formidable.

Granted, then, that Constantine is a menacing opponent—though surely not sufficiently menacing to justify Hendren's grotesque little ear-flaps—are we to suppose that he is unplayable? Of course not—I believe his bowling analysis in the Lancashire League is by no means impressive—and yet our county batsmen seem incapable of tackling him with any confidence.

POSSIBLY this may be partly explained by the fact that genuine fast bowlers are scarce to-day; but a more convincing explanation is to be found in the cramped technique of batsmanship which virtually eliminates off-side stroke play. Hulme, for example, who is regarded as a promising batsman, dealt adequately enough with the ball pitched well up to him on his middle and leg stumps, simply because his feet were automatically in position for the requisite stroke. When it came to the ball on or outside his off-stump, however, he was helpless, and he hung his bat out nervously, because he was not accustomed to moving his left foot across. Forward play, in short, is deleted from the modern batsman's repertoire, though against fast bowling on a hard wicket the forward stroke used to be considered essential. I remember that D. J. Knight once gave it as a cricket axiom that "the faster the bowler, the more you must play out to him," a principle which nowadays might profitably be recalled.

The wicket at Lord's seems to have changed of late, by the way; there was a time when you might expect to find some devil in it on the third day of a match, but now it apparently becomes progressively more lifeless. This brings me once more to the bumping ball, around which so much discussion has raged lately.

It used to be recognised that now and again a fast bowler might, with propriety, drop one short to test the batsman's nerves. If he dropped one short to Macartney, let us say, his average suffered accordingly, but if he managed to make an indifferent player flinch and lift his head, the next ball would be a yorker, and the stumps would, in all probability, be sent flying.

THIS seems to me fully in accordance with the spirit of the game. After all, the duel between bowler and batsman is psychological as well as physical, and the player who is easily rattled should expect no mercy. I hold no brief for fast leg-theory bowling, which is a very different matter, but to accuse a fast bowler of deliberate malice and dangerous tactics because he bumps one occasionally, is surely unjust and illogical.

Incidentally, it was very pleasant to find A. P. F. Chapman in such excellent form against the West Indians; his 97 was as good an innings as he has ever played, a blend of watchfulness and aggression which made us hope that he will play himself back into the England side.

AND now, what are they doing at Oxford and Cambridge? Not, as I write, anything particularly startling, though already our thoughts are turning to the 'Varsity match. Last summer, you will remember, the match was disappointing; we had rain, some intolerably slow batting, and some inexcusably poor fielding. A rather dreary draw was the result, though Hone's fine knock for Oxford and Owen-Smith's hitting raised the standard of play a little.

This year a draw again seems to be on the cards, for Oxford have the batting, and Cambridge the bowling. Possibly, Jehangir Khan, the All-India player, who was given his Blue for Cambridge after taking 7 for 58 against Yorkshire, will prove to be a deciding factor, especially if he continues to make centuries as well. At any rate, he and Farnes are a mighty useful opening pair of bowlers, though I am not convinced that the rest of the Cambridge attack is really impressive. What is more, Cambridge do not yet appear to have found an opening batsman of outstanding ability, and their batting all the way down is rather uncertain. Wilcox is a goodish player, and B. O. Allen, a left-hander, J. W. G. Davies, A. W. G. Hadingham, J. H. Human, and W. H. Webster are all capable of making runs, particularly against anything less than a first-class attack, though at present there is always a feeling of uncertainty.

Oxford, on the other hand, have been lucky enough to discover in D. F. Walker, the Uppingham Freshman, a No. 1 who plays with almost professional discretion and judgment, and in B. W. Hone and the invaluable H. G. Owen-Smith they have two really first-class batsmen.

Hone, I understand, is showing admirable energy as a captain; but he cannot unearth a really useful fast bowler. J. Darwall-Smith has not come off, and P. M. R. Scott has been disappointing, so that the attack is chiefly left to E. A. Barlow, A. R. Legard, A. Melville, and Owen-Smith. As Melville and Owen-Smith are both slow break merchants, and Barlow and Legard are the usual type of right-arm medium bowlers, there is not much variety. Time is getting on, and Hone must be feeling anxious.

When twice one hundred runs appear,
The bowler legally may roar for
Another Ball, not quite so queer—
This is an excerpt out of Law IV.

One of the illustrations by A. Savory to "The Brighter Side of Cricket," by R. C. Robertson-Glasgow, published by Barker at 6/ net

Here's Health!

At the lunch table, Whitbread's Pale Ale's brilliant amber clearness, delicate flavour and refreshing tone make it a universal favourite. It sharpens appetite and aids digestion. It can be served off the ice or at natural temperature.

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Issued by Whitbread & Co., Ltd., Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. I.P.S.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Hynes

No. 1

Lord Westmorland

VERE ANTHONY FRANCIS ST. CLAIR FANE, fourteenth Earl of Westmorland and "Burghie" to his friends, who include people in every stride of life, is undoubtedly the future Lord Lonsdale, using that phrase to designate the apex of the English sporting aristocracy.

True, he has never run away and joined a circus or fought in the ring in America, but he is just as good a judge of horses and men. Tall and slim, the ideal cavalryman, he served in the Navy. They say that when war broke out he arrived at Scapa Flow in great haste and racing kit. They also say that when H.M.S. Lion was badly hit at Jutland he produced a pneumatic lifebuoy belt fondly sent him by an aunt. He blew it up so hard that when he tried to leave the foretop he couldn't get out. I am prepared to believe the first story, but not the second.

Racing people will never forget that it was on Burghie's horse "Phaco" that the Prince of Wales first rode in a public race in 1923. The Stage will never forget that it was in Burghie's company that the Prince of Wales went to his first première—that of the revue *Rats*, at the Vaudeville Theatre. Savile Row will always regard Burghie as one of the bravest men whom they have ever tailored. His clothes, not so gay now, used to be almost exciting a few years ago. Nobody who has ever met him will forget Burghie's delightful charm of manner. One night I met him arriving at a party given by a Maharajah at the Savoy. "I've been having a grand time this evening," he said, "swapping yarns and drinking tea with three taxi-drivers in a cab shelter who served with me during the War." It was entirely unaffected.

In his day Burghie has done a multitude of things. He has studied business methods in America. He has been beaten level at golf by Diana Fishwick. He was one of the three stewards of the Racing Committee when greyhound racing was in its infancy. He has worked in a bank in London, and with a firm of stockbrokers. He has run a racing stable. He has been best man to Royalty. He has been bitten by a horse. He has become a director of the Arsenal Football Club. He has been left a non-existent fortune of £42,500. He has become Chairman of the governing body of the Dockland Settlements. Sometimes ambiguous, he never lets go once he has his teeth in anything. He has worked like a tiger at the Sporting Trophies Exhibition, the success of which is almost entirely due to him.

He married a charming widow, and has a delightful son and heir, Julian Fane Lord Burghersh. Sandy-lashed, red-cheeked, lean, modest, Burghie is the most popular pipe-smoker I know. Thank goodness it was he and no one else who went out to Canada to judge at the Toronto Horse Show last summer, and thank goodness, too, he doesn't know who it is who is assuming the nom de plume of Charles Gay and penning this tribute to him.

How he must hate it!

Since the day they were first made, Craven "A" Cork Tipped Virginia Cigarettes have been famed for their smooth, cool smoking with never a trace of throat irritation. Now, however, wrapped as they are in moisture-proof Cellophane, they have the added virtue of being always Fresh. Change to-day to

CRAVEN "A"

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

ASCOT GO

Our readers may perhaps find it easier to spot celebrities, portrayed by a difficult feat. These notabilities include Lord and Lady Astor, Mr. James A.

ES LIDO

our artist in this fantasy, than in finding winners at Ascot—always
de Rothschild, Lord Derby, Lord Lonsdale, Freddy Fox and Gordon Richards

Delirious Dialogues: No. 16. Beatrice Lillie and Lord Trenchard

(Written and Depicted by A. J. Bovey)

Lord Trenchard: *I'm sorry, young lady, but I'm afraid I must take a statement from you.*

Beatrice Lillie: *I shall not make any statement without consulting my lawyer—you've probably heard of him—Snoops, the Lawyer. But, tell me, what the charges are, anyway.*

Lord Trenchard: *You are charged with "male impersonation" and causing an obstruction at Monseigneur. The other night the whole of the traffic in Piccadilly was held up. We're tightening things up a bit, you know. This crime-wave has got to stop. There's been a lot of arson about lately, too.*

Beatrice Lillie: Fooling *about, constable.*

Lord Trenchard: *Don't constable* me, *young woman. I'm Lord Trenchard, Chief of Police, upholder of the traditions of the great Sir Robert Peel.*

Beatrice Lillie: *Sir Robert! Aha! He was my great, great, great, great grandfather-in-law.*

Lord Trenchard: *Now we don't want any of your nonsense, else you'll get yourself into great, great, great trouble. Come along now, move along there. And don't say you haven't been warned.*

June 10..!

—the night of the

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WHITE CITY

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THE WORLD'S FASTEST HURDLERS

THE WORLD'S FINEST TRACK!

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"Marvellous cars, these MORRIS 'SIXES'!"

Everyone knows the famous trio—Major, Oxford and Isis. Actually the choice is much more than three different cars. There are eleven styles of coachwork, and various colour schemes as well. You get all the special points of a Morris Six—the speed, the comfort, the invaluable reliability—plus the pleasure of being almost as different as though you were having the car built to your special order. And remember that Morris value and low costs were never more striking than in this group of excellent 'sixes.'

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★ There is also the new Morris "25" available in models from £385.

MORRIS

Standing By . . .

Being the First of a Sequence of Weekly Outbursts on This and That

By "The Bystanders"

WHEN first invited to contribute to this sheet, we were thrown into a sweet confusion; "After all," we said, "we're writers, not peeresses—and who wants writers, anyway?" At length, after nervously twisting up our handkerchief into a small, moist ball, we signed. Made it a condition, though, that we need never write about débutantes. Those who look for Society revelations in this department will be disappointed. We intend, vaguely, to deal here with Life. Life, says the dictionary, is a "state of ceaseless change and functional activity peculiar to organised matter." It sounds pretty dull to us.

A PHENOMENON of New York to-day is the decay of famous Forty-Second Street from a highway of grand theatres to a miniature Coney Island of strip-shows, flea-circuses, astrologers' caves, Orange Julius parlours, and what-not. This process of dissolution has an echo in our own village. Walking home along Coventry Street one evening late, we encountered the flaring entrance to the "Piccadilly Playground" fun fair (with fifty men like monkeys staring vacantly at five monkeys like men), the near-nudes pictured outside the *Revue Française*, and the sign, "Cut-Price Cigarette Store." Turning into Leicester Square, we half-expected to find ourselves on Broadway, with the light on the Empire State Building leering down on us from among the Pleiades. We feel sometimes like following the example of Charles Nessler, famous inventor of the Permanent Wave; when the war broke out, he painted a carpet on his drawing-room ceiling—to show he felt the world was turning topsy-turvy.

LONDON is becoming Parisian to the extent of eating and drinking on the pavement. The terrasse outside Oddenino's is crowded all summer; would be all winter if he provided braziers. Outside Antoine's, in Charlotte Street, they have been feeding on the pavement for three years—but the local inhabitants still make rude and derisive noises. A dairy back of Oxford Street has caught the infection. As we passed yesterday, two stalwart ladies were seated outside wolfing milk and sponge-cakes with Continental abandon. "Ohé, la vie mondaine!" we sighed; trembled with a new happiness as we headed for the Cirque Oxford.

". . . . for two, at 9.30, Gaston, and see that the caviare is fresh"

The three Brontë sisters, Anne (Thea Holme), Emily (Beatrix Lehmann), and Charlotte (Diana Wynyard), as they appeared in Clemence Dane's play "Wild Decembers," at the Apollo Theatre, withdrawn by C. B. Cochran after a very short run

TEA-SHOP proprietors, it seems, are incorrigible mediævalists; they are, in fact, tea-shoppe proprietors. The country swarms with tea-rooms entitled Ye Olde Tea Shoppe, Ye Bunne Shoppe, and so on. In this connection, Ye Olde Poke Bonnette, in Surbiton, seems to us to have gone one better than most. Complaint is catching. It has spread to the Trusts. A big restaurant-chain now lists itself in the Buff Book as Ye Mecca, Ltd. Worst case on record occurs on one of the arterial roads. Proprietor could not think of a name for his tea-shop, so has called it "Ye No Namie."

A POST-OFFICE in the Fulham Road still carries the letters "E.R." on its letter-box. We can scarcely bear to contemplate these rubbed initials, they fill us with too keen a nostalgia for 1908. Such survivals have a particular charm. Until the day, not so long since, when he closed his doors for ever.

Maurice Chevalier, Baby Leroy—a great comedian this—and Adrienne Ames in the film "A Bedtime Story," which is a big success at the Carlton Theatre

Rumpelmeyer, patissier, of St. James's Street, still had the slogan, "American Cocktails," stencilled on his shop-window. This must have dated from the almost classical times when cocktails, "slings" and "fizzes" were a slightly raffish importation from the New World.

LAST Christmas a lady-with-the-lamp of our acquaintance was appointed matron of a big London circus. One day she was sent for in a hurry; an elephant, mistaking his way out of the ring, had wrecked the stand which contained the Freaks. Casualties were light: giantess with a cut leg, and two midgets, a lady and a gentleman, squealing with fright.

WHO'S WHOOEY

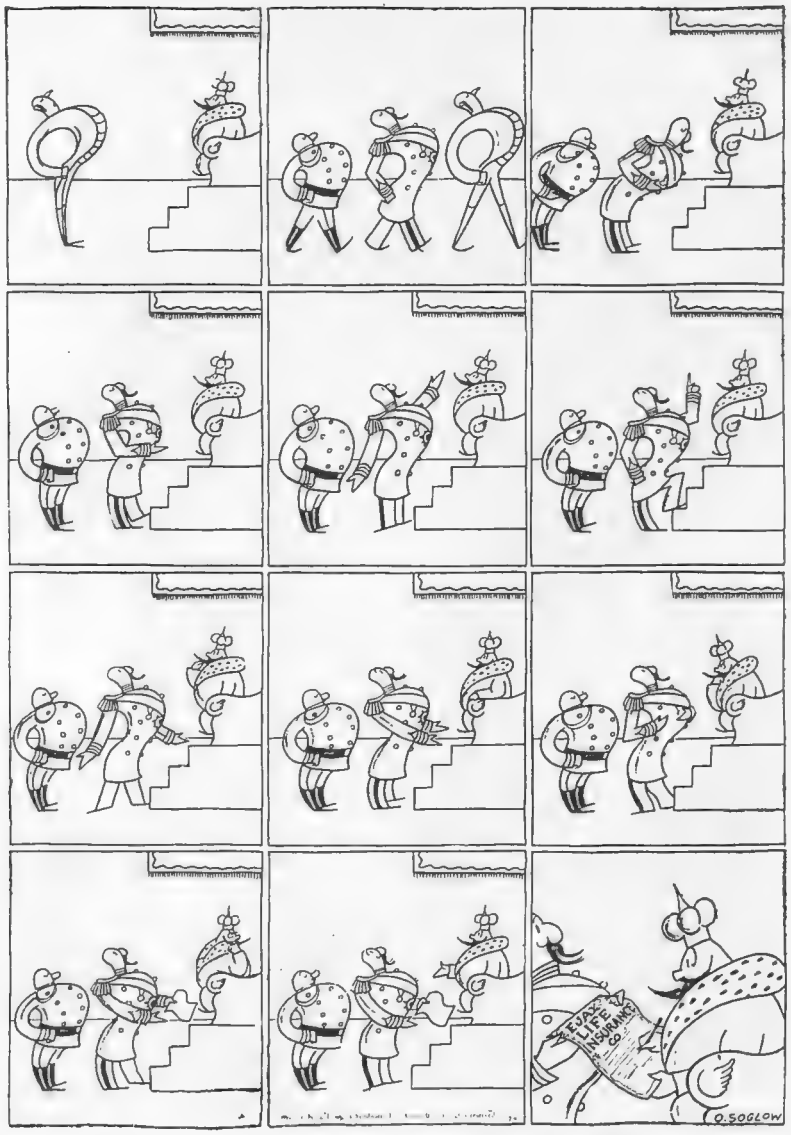
No. 16—Miss Gracie Fields

EEH, eeh, bai goom! Now, sitha, lad,
But she's a gradely lass, tha knows—
My Lancashire is very bad,
As the foregoing couplet shows;
But what I'm anxious to convey
Is that she has such pep and go
That she can animate a show
And make the springs of laughter flow
To drive dull care away.
In short, she's a Lancastrian
Who'll never be an "also-ran."

Though some who tread the boards rely
For laughs upon that type of joke
Which has a seasoning too high
To please the taste of simple folk,
"Oor Graacie," when she cracks a gag,
Takes care to see it's not the type
That one may class as "over-ripe,"
But jokes about the supper tripe
And mother's shopping bag.
Her Humour's homely, but it scores
A record number of encores.

So let us hope we shall not view
Her changing from her present line,
Because fresh Fields in pastures new
Would somehow not be quite as fine
As is the Gracie who delights
Us with those clever studies that
Portray the Proletariat
In clogs and shawl, or feathered hat
When dressed to kill o' nights,
For others cannot hope a bit
Their skill to pit 'gainst Mrs. Pitt!

B. W.



Here He Is Again!

Matron dressed the Titaness's thigh. She used six bandages, each going once round. Deciding the midgets would be better for repose, she found out the name of the modest local hotel where they were staying and marched there, a midget under each arm. A scared porter gave her a room number; matron is a stern proposition; no one cared to argue. Once in the room, she popped them firmly in bed, side by side, and, telling them to be still, took her departure. Next day she called around to enquire how the midgets were getting along. "They're pretty well," said the manager, adding with a pre-occupied look, "but you shouldn't have put them in bed like that. They're not married!"

SPECULATION as to the exact nature of the "pre-historic monsters" in *King Kong* runs pretty high. Current explanations range from "enlarged photographs of men dressed up" to "giant machines controlled by wireless." A friend of ours overheard two elderly ladies discussing the subject in a bus. "And do you know," said one, "when the film was finished, they were so afraid someone would tell how it was done that they took all the men who worked in the studio and cut out their tongues!"

FREAK drinks amuse us—only because we are light-minded about drinking; the true connoisseur deplores such "fancy messes." A certain actress now livens up her daily tomato-juice cocktail with a tot of vodka. She may be seen rolling this concoction round her pretty mouth in a new bar near Portland Place. Others are drinking port with ice floating in it. No one has yet invented a sillier tipple than the shrimp-and-sherry cocktail of post-war Deauville; or a more perilous than the "green devil" of gin and crême de menthe with which the Chief Purser of the P. and O. once attempted to assassinate us in dem bad ole days.

MEMORIES of the old music-hall have been awakened by a correspondence in the *Radio Times* regarding the identity and whereabouts of Zazel. This Zazel used to be shot from a cannon

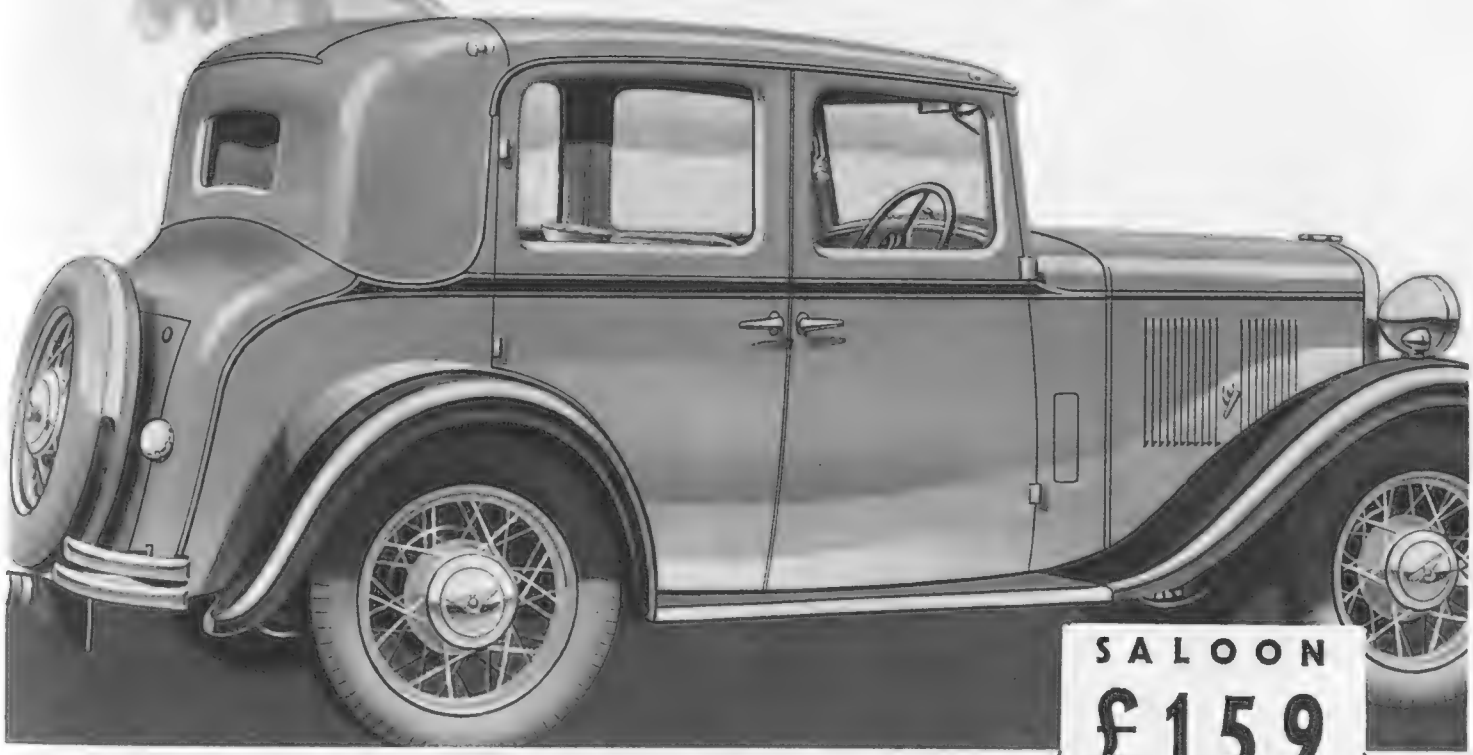
(*Continued on page 440*)

I am more than pleased with the MINX in all respects

"Its performance on top gear is really wonderful and is a great asset in traffic. Its hill climbing for a car of this power is also an extraordinary thing . . . steering is easier than any car I have tried . . . the engine is noiseless."

(TESTIMONIAL NO.: 431—BIRMINGHAM)

Enthusiastic praise greets the Minx wherever she goes. Over 14,000 of these big-little cars are now in use all over the world.



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(as illustrated)
£195
Triplex Glass
Four Speed Gear Box with Hillman "Traffic Top" £2.10. extra.

HILLMAN MINX

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(Continued from page 438)

at the Westminster Aquarium in the 'eighties. We have our own news of Zazel. A friend met her on the Riviera not long ago. She is now Mrs. George Starr, having married Barnum's manager just before her cannonading career ended in a smash. Starr is dead and Zazel lives in the South. She is on her own now; plays roulette when money runs to it. Her most resplendent possession is a portrait of herself by G. F. Watts. Zazel recalls that her sister was always sent to chaperone her when she sat for the painting; an exaggerated precaution, as the old maestro was just about as frisky as an archbishop. Asked whether she intended bequeathing the Watts portrait of her to the nation, she replied that she had once suggested the idea to her manager. "He just laughed," remarked Zazel placidly, "and said, 'Whatever would they want in the National Gallery with a picture of *you*!'"

THE search for a remedy against war does not seem to us to have gone far enough. The Chinese pay their doctors only as long as they are in good health. On this analogy, it might be made obligatory for the Foreign Secretaries of belligerent countries to commit *hara-kiri* immediately after the declaration of war.

Walter Bird

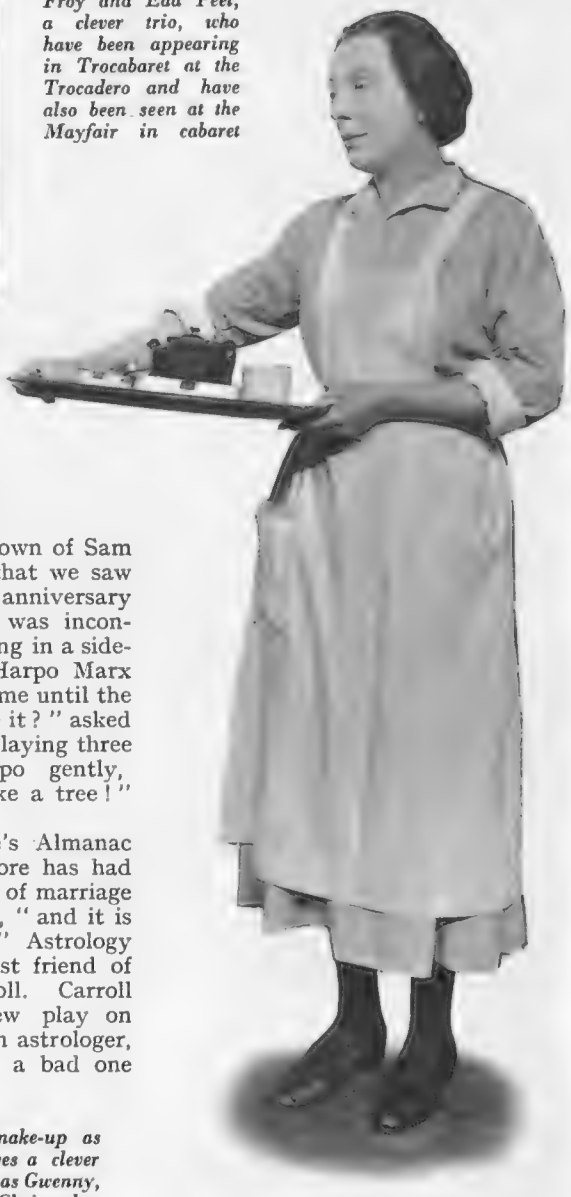
Bobby Blair, Kenneth Froy and Eda Peel, a clever trio, who have been appearing in Trocabaret at the Trocadero and have also been seen at the Mayfair in cabaret

Sir Kenelm and Lady Cayley playing deck games on the s.s. Lapland during its Easter cruise. This ship starts on "The Bystander" cruise for Madeira, Teneriffe and Santa Cruz on June 17. Full particulars from the Red Star Line, 38, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or the usual agencies

Country Doctor Cedric Hardwicke

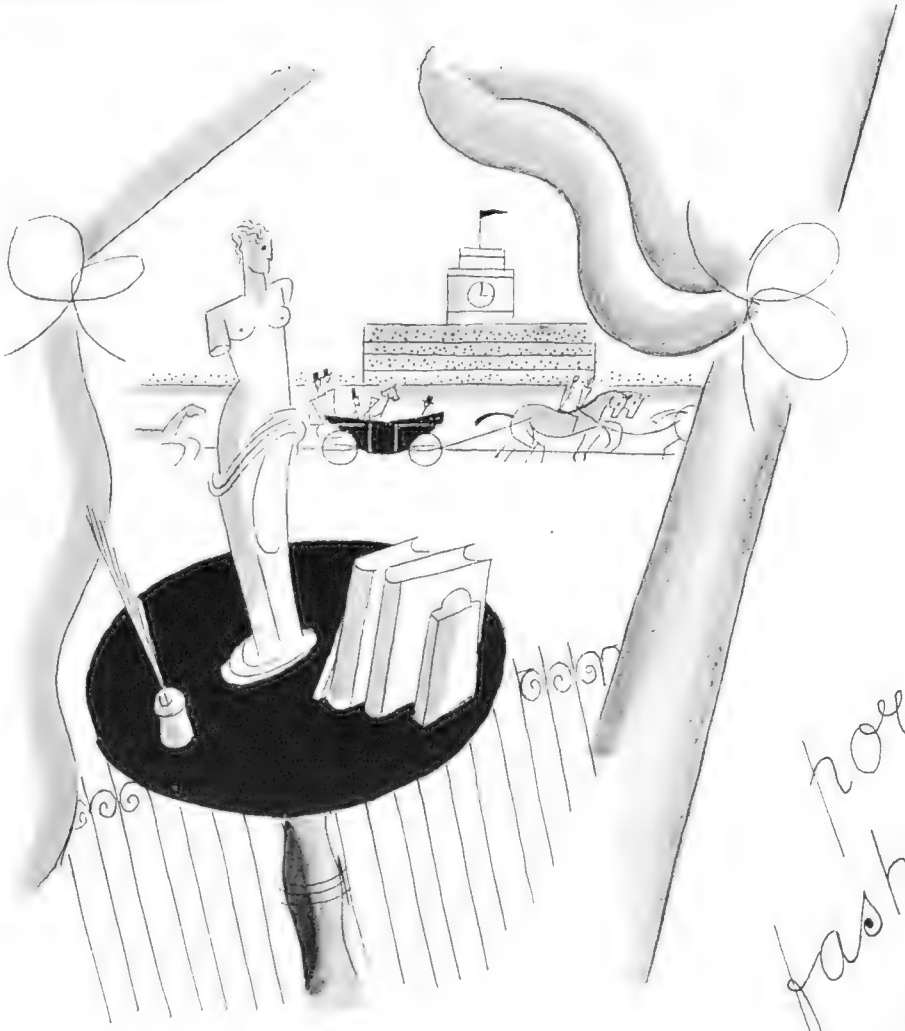
THE recent presence in town of Sam Goldwyn reminded us that we saw him last at his own wedding anniversary party in Hollywood. Sam was inconspicuous then; sat all evening in a side-room, playing poker with Harpo Marx and others. He raised the game until the harpist "saw" him. "What d'ya make it?" asked Harpo. "T'rees," replied Goldwyn, displaying three threes. "Why, no, Sam," said Harpo gently, "you're forgetting. Only God can make a tree!"

A SENSATIONAL feature of Old Moore's Almanac for 1934 is the horoscope that Moore has had cast for Greta Garbo. "There is no sign of marriage in the near future," quavers the ancient, "and it is unlikely to take place before about 1936." Astrology is creeping back to popularity. Dramatist friend of ours had an experience with Sidney Carroll. Carroll was due to sign a contract for a new play on a certain morning; put it off, though. An astrologer, he said, had warned him the day was a bad one for business transactions!



Maid-of-all-work Edith Evans

Left: Cedric Hardwicke—in a masterly make-up as Dr. Haggett, the country practitioner—who gives a clever character-study rivalled by Edith Evans (right) as Gwenny, the Welsh maid-of-all-work, in "The Late Christopher Bean," which will fill the St. James's for months to come



A portfolio of fashion compiled weekly for the Bystander by Madge Garland

The London Season 1933

WHITE organdie, tucked and made into such varied garments as evening gowns, afternoon coats, hats and boas: crash, ubiquitous whether one is lunching at the Ritz or lolling on a beach: Tartan ribbons and capes, usually the companions of demure white organdie dresses: organza, flowered, spotted, checked or plain black allied to lace—these are the materials of the season.

A close-fitting Empire line, with swinging three-quarter length coats: a close-fitting line from bust to knees, with full circular skirts and frills on the shoulders—these are the silhouettes.

Gloves of net, lace, gingham, satin or piqué: small hats of flowers or velvet, large hats of organdie and straw; inconspicuous shoes to match one's gown, bags the same—these are the accessories.

Jewellery is represented by a ring or a bracelet, originality in an avoidance of frilled sleeves, determination by the manner in which shallow hats somehow contrive to remain on shorn heads. . . .

Ascot Elegance, 1933

A long and slender silhouette, with the waistline ignored and the sleeves accentuated, is characteristic of this year's gowns . . . .

Peter Rose Pulham

ON the opposite page is a peach-coloured broderie anglaise dress from Isobel which has wide ruffles of the same colour organdie at the neck and armholes. Posed by Miss Margaret Rawlings, who is now playing with Mr. Ernest Milton in "Night's Candles." On the left is another Isobel model: this is carried out in pale hyacinth blue chiffon patterned in white and a deeper shade of blue, and worn with a fine "crin" hat to match. Posed by Miss Whiteman

"hats"

for all occasions

a straw hat from Jeff for Ascot

A straw hat for luncheon from Scotts

A felt hat for the country from Scotts

Photographs by Cannons of Hollywood

MacGuinness

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

Summer's Lease...

Long friendly days when one's whims and fancies are allowed free rein and the only thing that matters is the enjoyment of the hour.

Lavender is the one Perfume in perfect harmony with these happy informal moods and moments and completes their charm; no other perfume has ever been so long loved by all dainty womanhood.

Lavender Perfume: Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6, and in Larger Stoppered Bottles up to 2 Gns. Lavender Soap—*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*—2/6 a box of three tablets, Complexion Cream 3/6, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/6, Lipstick 2/6 etc., etc.

(Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State.)

YARDLEY
33 Old Bond Street
LONDON

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Summer "Dates"

A North and South Selection

Right: Lady Mary Lygon and Mrs. J. A. Mollison with Miss Jackie Hance and Ecstasy, which won three firsts at the Bath and West Show

Below: Mr. H. M. Bateman, the famous cartoonist, and his wife were guests at the Reigate wedding of Mr. J. Walters and Miss L. Myers

Captain J. Macardle and Miss M. Furse winning the wheel-barrow race, which was one of the events in the Mounted Sports at Ranelagh

In Edinburgh, at the Royal Company of Archers' annual shoot for the Dalhousie Sword: Miss Alice Buchan, daughter of Col. John Buchan, M.P., the Lord High Commissioner, Miss Spencer Smith, and Brigadier J. A. Inglis

Miss Joan Buckmaster and Miss E. Ainley, Mr. Henry Ainley's daughter, at the Piccadilly Hotel, when Miss Gladys Cooper was hostess at an Empire Wine party—part of the campaign to make these wines more widely known and appreciated in England

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Tough Egg, Duck's Egg, and a Guinness: By A. G. Macdonell

MRS. VAN KLEEK was a tough egg, very, very definitely. She ran a hotel in Malaya, and anyone in the hotel, whether a native boy, a white bar-tender, or a visiting bishop, who tried to pull any funny stuff with Mrs. Van Kleek got a thick ear in no time. She would take in a penniless guest if she liked his or her face, and flatly refuse the ones she didn't, however lavish their expenditure on champagne was likely to be. There used to be a lady in real life who was very like Mrs. Van Kleek. Everyone in the world, who travelled in Central Europe during the mad post-war years, sooner or later found themselves sitting on a high stool in the bar of the Sacher Hotel, in Vienna, drinking slivovitz and bowing deferentially to Frau Sacher when she came in, with a long cigar in her mouth and half-a-dozen French bull-dogs at her heels. Mrs. Van Kleek was the Frau Sacher of Malaya. In her youth she had lived her life. So, too, had the lady of Vienna (was it not whispered that there was a latch-key to the little side-door in Imperial Schönbrunn itself?). Both, also, had their strange, sentimental hearts underneath the hard polish of the world, and when a penniless girl arrived in full flight from a horrible missionary husband, Mrs. Van Kleek took her in and cared for her and gave her the job of cashier in the hotel. The husband came rushing away from his cure of Malayan souls to retrieve his wife, and turned out to be Mrs. Van Kleek's long-abandoned illegitimate child, fruit of a wild, far-off love-affair with a man whose very name had been forgotten. Then the plague broke out, and the missionary, whose strength lay more in grappling with plagues than in making a wife happy, died in the arms of his stern, sentimental mother, and the girl was free to marry her A.D.C. lover.

It has always been a dangerous thing to write about Malaya ever since Conrad brought off his well-known corner in that part of the world and described the glamour of Carimata and the volcanoes and the shallow seas in words of matchless splendour. But Mrs. Mordaunt (*Mrs. Van Kleek*; Secker; 7*s.* 6*d.*) has attempted this desperate deed and has pulled it off. The stern hotelière is a real creation in days when real creations are very uncommon, and Mrs. Mordaunt's descriptions, though not, of course, in the major key of the Master, are admirably vivid and yet restrained.

MR. ROBERTSON-GLASGOW has written a different sort of book (*The Brighter Side of Cricket;* Barker; 6*s.*). It is a very timely work, for it comes at a moment when the British Empire is sadly in need of a reminder that cricket has a brighter side. What with fast bowlers saying that great batsmen are afraid of them, and great batsmen retorting that fast bowlers are little short of cads, and a surge of fury from sea to sea that is threatening to undo all the work of Clive, and Captain Cook, and Mr. J. H. Thomas, the loveliest of all games would be in serious danger if it were not for people like Mr. Glasgow. "Cricket is Fun" is his theme, and he tackles it from many capital angles, both in prose and in verse. The schoolmaster, the parent of the budding Hobbs who cannot pass exams, but can get his left foot across to a fast half-volley and clip it through the covers, the village umpire, the gaffer on the bench, the arm-chair critic, all are dealt with gently and amusingly. And if the verse is not very polished, and the humour sometimes a little schoolboyish, that is not very much to grumble at. To be reminded that Cricket is Fun is the great thing. Mr. A. Savory has illustrated the book, rather in the style of Mr. Nicholas Bentley. I rather think Mr. Savory will improve if he gets a little further away from that brilliant young man, and launches out in a style of his own.

Mr. A. G. Macdonell

Who in this and future issues will review books for "The Bystander." He is the author of that amusing satire, "England, Their England"

MR. EDWARD SEAGO is a painter who, at an early age, fell in love with the bewitching antics of Pimpo, head-clown in a wandering circus, and the love remained with him. So that when he grew up, he left his hunting and his social whirl and joined a circus, nominally to paint pictures of the horses, but actually to satisfy his craving for nomadry. He shared a small wagon with a family of performers and travelled the road with them, and lived their lives. In his book (*Circus Company;* Putnam; 10*s.* 6*d.*) he describes what he heard and saw, and illustrates the book himself with charming pencil drawings. But, alas for human ambition! To how few mortals is it given to be a master of one art, let alone two. Michael Angelo wrote sonnets, Whistler his *Ten O'Clock*, Leonardo da Vinci designed flying-machines, and George Hirst could both bat and bowl. But it is a rare gift, and Mr. Seago does not possess it. His drawings are admirable, and he should keep to drawing. For with his pen, or typewriter, he has succeeded in making a book about the intimate life of the Circus dull, and that is in itself a considerable achievement. He ought to take a lesson from Lady Eleanor Smith, who does not illustrate her own books about circuses and gipsies.

Singing Out of Tune (Putnam; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is, I think, Mr. Bryan Guinness's first novel, and it is, for several reasons, a considerable achievement. In the first place it is obviously written by a witty person. It is full of quietly neat things. The temptation in these days of slickdom and speed to shoot off a bunch of wisecracks and call the result a novel is one that few young people have shown themselves capable of resisting, especially those whose heredity or environment has brought them into close contact with that hotel at the corner of Piccadilly and Arlington Street, the name of which escapes me for the moment. But Mr. Guinness first shows that he is capable of being as witty as Mr. Beverley Waugh, and then declines to exploit this talent. But there is more. *Singing Out of Tune* is a very sincere book. It plays neither to the Mayfair drawing-room nor to the slack hours in the servants' hall. It is a straight, simple tale of an unhappy marriage. A young chartered accountant married a girl in his own station of life, adored her, bickered with her, fathered her baby, bickered with her still more, and finally divorced her by mutual consent. Mr. Guinness has kept himself severely to his job, which is to tell a story, and very well he does it. No one who has embarked on the pitiful story of Arthur and Agnes will be able to put the book down; not because the story is new or brilliant, but because the characters are alive, and their tragic writhings on the pin of fate must be followed to the last page.

It is not a flawless book—far from it. Taxi-cushions should not always be emphasised for their "leatheriness," nor could two normal, healthy people have bickered quite so relentlessly from quite such an early stage of their married lives, and Arthur might have been given at least one grain of common sense to eke out his gigantic silliness. But these are small criticisms, which would not have been made if the book had not been so good. Ouida's hero was allowed to win the Derby four years running with the same horse and very few protests were made, but the promise of Mr. Guinness is so marked that to slang his technique is well worth while.

The Display and the King's Cup Race : By Capt. C. E. Ward

Above : "Popular Flying"—A Spartan Cruiser leaving Heston on the first regular Isle of Wight service. Passengers include Miss Glenda Graham, Manager of "Popular Flying," the successful aviation journal, Mr. E. C. Bowyer, of the S.B.A.C., Mr. John Lord, and Mr. Roberts, directors of the Spartan interests

Right : The Monospar in flight over Croydon. This machine is a four-seater de luxe type which cruises at 115 m.p.h. Two are flying in the King's Cup Race

"Flight"

The R.A.F. Display at Hendon

On Saturday, June 24th, the Royal Air Force presents its fourteenth annual Display at Hendon, the proceeds of which are devoted to Service charities. The Display is the culmination of squadron training; each event illustrates some phase of tactics or the most modern flying equipment for patrol, communications, police work, high altitude reconnaissance, co-operation with the Fleet, and the many other duties which the R.A.F. is called on to perform as part of its daily job. Several interesting machines will fly before the public for the first time, including the Fairey Napier long-range monoplane, the Vickers "Pegasus," holder of the altitude record, the Houston-Westland machines used on the survey over Mount Everest, the last word in Autogiros without a fixed wing, and the Boulton and Paul mailplane, which is intended for high-speed services over the Imperial routes. As a function, Hendon is unique. In the calendar of the season, it is the flying event which is attended by everyone, attracting half a million people for a perfect view of the finest exhibition of its kind to be seen in any country. Members of the R.A.F. Club will be interested to know that their enclosure has its own frontage to the aerodrome, a facility which will be appreciated.

King's Cup Entries

Thirty-eight entries have been received for the King's Cup Race, the principal competition event of the season, which will be held over a series of triangular courses starting and finishing at Hatfield. Of the Moths, four are the latest type named the "Leopard," using Gipsy Major engines. Captain de Havilland and Mrs. Alan Butler are piloting two of them and either has a good chance of winning the race. The Hon. Lady Bailey is flying her own Puss Moth, and is the only other woman taking part. Captain W. L. Hope, last year's winner, is flying Mr. S. A. Sadler's Gipsy Swift, and Flight-Lieut. E. H. Fielden has his own entry, a new-type Comper named the "Field Mouse," with a Gipsy Major. Three Percival "Gulls," each with the latest Napier engine giving the machine a speed of more than 160 miles an hour, should be well placed. They are entered by Lieut.-Commander Leake, Sir Philip Sassoon, and Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Borton, the pilots being Mr. E. W. Percival, the designer of the "Gull," Flying-Officer Elsmie, and, in the case of the third named, the entrant himself. Air Vice-Marshal Borton retired recently from the R.A.F., and is a director of the Napier Company. Lord Wakefield has entered a twin-engined Dragon, to be flown by Captain Broad; and Mr. A. C. M. Jackaman is flying his own Monospar.

Barriers to Air Transport

The International Chamber of Commerce is concerned about the restrictions at present in force on the free movement of aircraft from one country to another for purposes of trade and travel. Sir Harry Brittain, an authority on this subject, who has travelled extensively by air, addressed the Congress in Vienna, urging that the trade which air travel encourages means more money for national exchequers, better facilities for citizens, and lessens the fear of international friction. Quoting from his speech, "Barriers to Air Transport," "one of the great advantages that air transport has to give civilised countries is that it makes possible the personal touch in a busy world where, hitherto, the speed of surface transport has not permitted it . . . the personal touch is and always will be the finest producer of agreement and understanding, however great may be the advance in telephony, telegraphy, and even television." It seems ridiculous that small countries in Europe and elsewhere should have the power to hinder the free flow of international trade because the principle has been accepted that each country holds the sovereignty over its own air. This principle was laid down when the world was war-minded and not air-minded. It is not workable in peace time, always assuming that the world desires peace. The establishment of Imperial air routes has been hampered very considerably by this law, the classic case being that of Persia, where we were compelled to change the whole of our line to the south side of the Gulf in order to avoid restrictive legislation, both political and commercial.

For Club Members

On Saturday next, June 10, Henly's are holding their Annual Rally at Heston. The firm is the agent for Avro and Spartan machines, either of which type can be bought on very favourable terms, which include a course of instruction. The International Meeting in Brussels takes place on the following day and on Friday, June 16th, there is the Mayor's Aerial Garden Party at Eastbourne as part of the Jubilee celebrations. Arrangements for the latter are in the hands of Captain Rex Stocken, of Dorland House, W.1, to whom all enquiries should be addressed. The A.A. "Register of Landing Grounds" for June includes seven new sites, of which those at Bourne End, Carlisle, Stirling, Gleneagles, and Turnberry will be specially useful to private owners. Salisbury Plain, over which thousands of people must have made their first solo, is the largest area of good flying-country in England, with excellent forced landing-ground almost anywhere and good visibility all the year round. Salisbury has its own club at High Post, where the Wiltshire School is managed by Mr. Doran Webb and instructed by Mr. E. G. Hordern, who used to teach the Cambridge University Air Squadron. Clubs in need of specially cheap flying facilities should get in touch with B.A.C. at Hanworth, which concern is manufacturing the "Drone." It is an excellent machine for solo practice within the 3-mile limit and can be operated at less than £1 an hour.

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

The Unions and Handicaps

A. K. Hamilton and P. Staples, two competitors in the Golfers' Club Meeting held at Worplesdon

Hughes Chamberlain, C. J. Anderson, and E. H. Chambers waiting at the first tee at Worplesdon

F. S. G. Calthorpe, the old Warwickshire Cricket Captain, talking to Capt. J. C. Ritchie at the fifth tee

I WENT to play recently in an Open Tournament which took the form of thirty-six holes of stroke play for a scratch prize and various handicap prizes. This form of meeting is great fun and popular with golfers of all classes, for it enables the handicap golfer to compete against his more talented friends with a fair chance of success; and, more important still, provides a large number of people with a delightful day in the country. Everything in this particular meeting went off perfectly, excepting for one thing—and this had nothing to do with the management of the meeting at all, for the management could not possibly have avoided the handicapping confusion which has been directly caused by the Unions.

I have in the past frequently recorded in print my doubts as to the usefulness of the various Unions. I have gone so far as to say that justification for their existence is difficult to find, if not impossible. That was a year or so ago, and since then I have modified my views very slightly, for the most violent anti-Unionist cannot deny that in certain things, at any rate, the Unions of the four countries have proved themselves not only useful but also competent.

There has been recently, however, a new outbreak of just that very thing which made the Unions so extremely unpopular when first they started to gate-crash their way into the management of golf. I am referring, of course, to unwanted and uncalled-for interference in matters which, in the first place, require no interference, and, in the second place, will not benefit by the sort of interference which the Unions have so far provided. It will take a long time—probably as long as the memories of those who were playing golf immediately after the war will last—for the Unions to live down the manner in which they attempted to force St. Andrews into seceding in their favour in the management of golf. They have, of course, been highly unsuccessful in this endeavour. I must say, in fairness to them, that they have always professed that they were loyal to St. Andrews and merely wanted to help St. Andrews out with the volume of work which devolved on the parent club. But words are nothing like so powerful as deeds, and not one jot so sincere, and the deeds of the Unions rather belie their words.

TAKE this latest manifestation of the competency of Unions to deal with matters concerning golf. They have suddenly decided that the scratch scores of all the golf clubs throughout the Kingdom should be revised and tightened up, and that committees of clubs should handicap their members afresh on the basis provided by these new scratch scores. In effect, this means that in every case a player should find his handicap raised by two or three strokes. It is very hard indeed to find any justification for this strange behaviour. Obviously, one must look, if one believes that the Unions are sincere, for a desire for some improvement in the standard of golf in this country as a justification for the project. I suppose that the Unions have decided that if a scratch player suddenly finds himself no longer scratch but handicapped at two or three, he will be so infuriated by this insult that he will do his very utmost to improve his play sufficiently for his Committee to return him to scratch.

THIS sounds very nice in theory, but is, in practice, I am afraid, entirely contrary to the feelings of most players of the game. It frankly does not matter in the least to most people whether they are called scratch or not: there are some who are sufficiently conceited for the possibility of this ruse to be successful, but they are not many. Most of the members of the average club are only too delighted that their handicaps have been raised. If it were possible, they would like them raised even higher so that they would have a greater chance of winning their matches when they happen to visit another club. So, while remaining highly sceptical as to the wisdom of this new manœuvre from the point of view for which it was presumably inaugurated—that of improving the standard of golf in this country—I will go on to say that, provided every club follows the advice given to it by the Unions and alters its handicaps, it really does not matter in the least to the average golfer.

BUT that, unfortunately, is not the case. The Unions, when they first conceived all these plans, were presumably sufficiently conceited to think that they wielded sufficient power for every club immediately to do their bidding. They have received a rude shock, however, for by no means all the clubs in Britain have accepted their advice. There are some, such as Sunningdale, which have put all their members up by two strokes purely and simply in order to give them the benefit of these extra two strokes should they care to compete in Open Meetings at other clubs. There are others which have blindly followed the advice of the Unions, thinking they would like to be in what they imagined is the swim; there are, again, others which have laughed at the idea and paid not the slightest attention to it; and there are others—a case in point I can produce if necessary—where a notice has been put up on the board that any member can have his handicap raised if he so desires, although automatic raising of all handicaps will not be enforced. This seems to be the most childish of all, for here it only means that the pot-hunter will come to the Committee and ask for his handicap to be raised, whereas the conceited individual will remain at whatever handicap he has achieved and continue to lose matches.

THIS is the sort of thing which happened the other day in that meeting in which I competed. Personally, I found myself in this silly position: my handicap had been raised by two strokes at Sunningdale, but not by another club to which I belong, where it remains at the original figure; this meant that I had to play off a handicap of relatively two strokes less than many others who were playing in the meeting. There were others like me who, having to declare their lowest club handicap, were at this disadvantage.

I HAVE said the Unions have occasionally done things efficiently and deserve credit for some which they have done. But in this instance they seem to have reverted to just those sort of measures which caused them to lose so much of the interest of the average golfer when first they came into existence, and one minus is remembered so much longer than a plus.

Why can't they leave the handicap golfer—the backbone of golf and the clubs—alone to enjoy his golf?

Above : the Duchess of Westminster and Mrs. Edward Tennant before the big race

Above : Mrs. Somerset and the Duke of Westminster going stand-wards from the paddock

Lord Hillingdon and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Hornby look as if they must have had a bit on Hyperion ; or was it only a good joke that made them smile?

Right : Lady Joan Hope, Lady Mary Hope and Lady Anne Hope sitting out between races

Below : the Hon. Robert Watson, Lord Manton's brother, with his wife, Mrs. Watson

Below are the Earl and Countess of Durham plus that "little something" —Lord Durham's super race-glasses

The Earl of Granard was another who saw Hyperion win in record time ; with him is his daughter, the Countess of Dumfries

The Derby Round

Some Personalities of the Big Day at Epsom

SPORT with the LID OFF

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

JUST now, for no particular reason, I find the usual sporting sensations rather more tedious than usual. I suppose a great many people really do care whether Jack Petersen ever fights Jack Doyle, or whether professionalism is rampant among polo players, or what steps the M.C.C. propose to take about the leg-theory and Larwood. I suppose so, and yet it sometimes seems incredible that the good-humoured crowds who make their way to cricket and football grounds should worry their heads over the follies and the scandals which hover perpetually round our national games.

The trouble is that most newspapers nowadays deliberately search for controversial and sensational stories about sport.

To some extent we must admit that sport, in the jargon of journalists, is good "copy": the rumour that a famous player has fallen out with his club committee makes a splash on the news page which the public are supposed to enjoy.

This is where I doubt the wisdom of Fleet Street; I believe that most of us are thoroughly weary of this muck-raking, and that the first newspaper which announces its intention of avoiding scandal and rumour will immediately gain the support of its readers. Let us have accounts and criticisms of games by competent writers, but let us leave domestic affairs to those whose duty it is to deal with them.

PERHAPS I am experiencing this sharp reaction against sensationalism largely because I am writing these notes in the happy seclusion of a riverside inn. Here the sporting world dwindles to what, surely, are its true proportions, and games are spoken of over the evening mug of ale as pleasant and incidental relaxations. Not that we are out of touch with the sporting racket, for there is a spaniel in the house—his head rests a little uncomfortably against my gum-boots at the moment—which is the mascot of the Southampton football club, and makes the journey to Wembley for the Cup Final every year.

BUT our main preoccupation is fishing, and we have been rather upset by the short spell of cold weather, which has completely spoilt the May-fly hatch. I came down with my annual visions of enormous trout, and spent my first day hopefully punching a fly into a bitter north-easter, which brought with it drenching squalls of rain.

And now the wind has dropped, and the sun blazes on the shallows, and still there is no hatch. Crawling along the bank and peering cautiously through the tall grasses, it is possible to have glimpses of dark, fishy shapes showing up against the gravel, but in that gin-clear water even 4x gut is suspect, and the big trout have not yet been tempted from the weed-beds.

Here and there a fish has been rising: for some hours yesterday I watched a break in the surface which occurred at intervals under the farther bank, and eventually I went across to make a closer inspection. It was a fish right enough, feeding rather daintily, and tucked into a little run between the weeds some six inches out.

A cautious approach was essential, and the need for a left-handed cast round the corner hardly improved my chances. The wind, moreover, was off-shore, and carried the fly out, but after many attempts a cast behaved

(Continued on page 454)

C. L. Donovan and E. R. Tipple seen making up their score at Worplesdon

The Golfers' Club Amateur Meeting

Capt. K. N. Bruce and Capt. G. A. Moxon, two more competitors at Worplesdon going to the fourth tee

Right: H.H. the Maharajah of Jaipur (left) with his polo team, Rao Raja Hanut Singh, Rao Raja Abbey Singh, and Raj Kumar Prithie Singh

The Maharajah of Jaipur's Team

Virginia Rice

The American lawn-tennis player who makes her début at Wimbledon this year. She is believed by Mrs. Helen Wills Moody to be a coming world's champion. Being young she has ample time to develop

Women's Golf:

The Stoke Open Meeting

and the Counties.

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

IT felt rather as if several years of Girls' Championships had been rolled into one at Stoke Poges. Girls had turned out in such force. Girls who had won, who ought to have won, who may, should, and will win it. It must have felt quite depressingly old and dull to be past the happy limit of eighteen years, and realize that, whatever one did, prestige, when the longed-for week in September arrives, would not be a scrap the better for it.

As things turned out, these Girls, record entry notwithstanding, fairly swept the board. They did allow Lady Headfort to carry off the Junior Handicap Prize ("Junior" meaning handicaps of sixteen and over), but then she played so extremely well that it would have taken more even than a Girl to stop her. The first eight holes in faultless figures, and, finally, 92—19=73—this was three below par and real good going, considering that Lady Headfort's game is not of the powerful kind.

In the Senior division the Girls had it all their own way, and one of the youngest of them, Miss Pam Barton, who is sixteen (years, not handicap), had it most of all. You remember she and her elder sister won the Handicap Aggregate at THE BYSTANDER Spring Medal Foursomes; the day before Stoke she had distinguished herself at West Middlesex; at Stoke itself she won the scratch prize with 79, headed the Senior Handicap list with 73, won the partners' eclectic with Miss Pauline Doran at 68½, and with her, again, won the foursomes. Not a bad day. I was very much struck with the beautiful swing that Miss Barton has now, much more controlled and convincing than at Stoke last September. She was getting great length—witness thereof that she was pin high with her drive at the tenth, only needed a mashie niblick for her second at the twelfth, and an iron for her second at the seventeenth, where she was over the green, but chipped back dead for her 4. It really was a good round, considering that she started with a depressing 7, and was 41 to the turn. She came home in 38. L.G.U. tees are, of course, a good bit in front of the Tiger ones, but they are by no means so short as those of the out-and-out Ladies', and there was not excessive run on the ball: the grand growth of spring grass saw to that. This Miss Barton and her elder sister are both going to compete in the Girls' Championship again this September. They are well worth watching.

NOBODY can say that the merry month of May is the right one for attending lectures of any sort. I did not think so myself,—but, somehow, the idea of hearing Henry Cotton on the "inside out" theory was too attractive to be missed, and, once arrived at the Portman School of Golf, with Cotton talking away, I, for one, entirely forgot all about what month it might be, whether the thermometer stood at 47 or 77, and settled down to enjoy myself.

I do love hearing anybody on a subject on which they are experts and enthusiasts. Cotton was extremely modest about it all, but one felt then, just as one knows from his records, that he has, in truth, worked out his own salvation in this matter of how the golf ball should be hit, and if I were a lissom young golfer, with all the world to conquer, I should certainly think very seriously about his methods before rejecting them for anybody else's.

Of course, I took a notebook with me, and the notes in the notebook were largely put there because I know that, sooner or later, we shall start arguing about what exactly Cotton did say, and then I can produce written evidence. Some day I shall bring out that notebook for your edification; for the moment, all that you shall glean from it is this: we are all much too prone to start the downward swing by a turn of the shoulders, instead of a turn of the hips; our hips have not, unless we exercise them, the proper muscles to produce and control that turn. Cotton adjured us all to exercise them, standing, for choice, in a doorway so that we can grip on to the sides with our hands and forcibly prevent our shoulders from turning, all the time that our hips are gaily rotating and bracing and setting and resisting, and all the other things that modern hips have to do to hit the ball.

And when we have done all that, we may hope never again to be chronic slicers.

Mrs. E. Chamberlain, who played for Bucks, was defeated by Miss D. Wilkins, in the Essex team, by 5 and 4 in the morning round

Essex Defeat Bucks at Wentworth

At the top: Mrs. S. Adams (Bucks) beat Miss Diana Plumpton (Essex), the runner-up in the Championship, in the morning, but lost in the second round. Below: Mrs. M. C. Fenwick (Bucks) was beaten by Mrs. Wilfred Walker (Essex), 3 and 2 in the morning, and by a wider margin in the afternoon

THE next morning I hied me away down to Wentworth, and there found Mrs. Adams, who had been bothered with a persistent slice up to the evening before, cured so successfully by somebody else's infallible tips that she not only hit the ball extremely truly, but also succeeded in beating Miss Diana Plumpton, the occasion being Bucks v. Essex, two matches in the one day over a neutral course. Mrs. Adams was not the top match, for Mrs. Garon, the Essex captain, had left Miss Garnham at the top of the team, by virtue of her being the Essex champion, and Miss Plumpton, runner-up in the Open, was playing second.

It was a bad putting patch which was the undoing of Miss Garnham against Mrs. Gold in the morning, and of Mrs. Gold against Miss Garnham in the afternoon, both matches going to the last green. And it was not a very long putt which Miss Mobbs missed on the nineteenth against Mrs. Lockett, with the match three all, so that the latter had the comfortable feeling that it was she who had just got Essex home. Nobody had beaten them this season, but Bucks very nearly did it then, although they were without their captain and champion, Mrs. Greenly. In the afternoon Bucks could no more, and Essex won 6 to 1. Miss Plumpton was obviously stale after Gleneagles, unable to whip herself into a real gallop, but it was very fine going for Mrs. Adams to take such an unexpected chance and get home 1 up in the morning and only lose 2 down after lunch. All honour to her!

As for those eight-and-twenty stalwarts who played six consecutive county matches at Wilmslow, and the other five-and-thirty who played eight at Woodhall Spa, I don't know whether to wonder more at their endurance or their excellent golf. The net results are that Cheshire and Lancashire each secured 36 individual wins to six losses from Northumberland, Durham, and the combined Cumberland and Westmorland; Yorkshire 35 wins to seven losses. The Northern division, therefore, depends on what happens when these three winners play each other. Suffolk were unbeaten at Woodhall, and now await the winners from the two other Midland divisions.

Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Yes, it must be 'CELANESE'...

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The Doggy World

In the Finnish Forests: By Lady Kitty Ritson

IT is always amusing visiting a new country, and I have just returned from Finland, which most people confound with Lapland, and imagine that one goes about dressed in skins, talking to people with bowed legs who gnaw blubber. Let me assure you that this is not the case, neither does one drive through the streets of Helsingfors behind a team of reindeer. On the contrary, Finland is a country of superb fishing, with marvellous forests and lakes; it is the home of Sibelius, the great composer; the home of the Finnish Spitz, or, if you wish to refer to him by his Finnish name, "Suomalainen pystykorva"; the home of the most exciting sort of food; and, lastly, so cheap that it is almost impossible to spend money there.

I stayed for ten days in the best hotel, with a large bedroom and bathroom, ate the best food, did a little entertaining, bought some china, made an expedition nearly to the borders of Russia, and spent—sixteen pounds! I gave a taxi-driver the equivalent of fourpence, by mistake, instead of his legitimate fare of three shillings, and, realising that I was a foreigner, he said nothing, and only when he had left did I discover my mistake.

NATURALLY, it was a dog show that took me there, although I shall return, because I have fallen in love with the country, and, incidentally, having seen the Finks Spets in his native surroundings, I find him more enchanting than ever. He tones in with the flaxen-maned ponies on which the Finnish cavalry ride, for he is the same red-flaxen hue; he is part of the fairy-tale forests and the blue lakes where the trout ask to be caught, and his fascinating puppies, born with prick ears and furry coats, looking like wee bears, are so sweet as to be irresistible.

A Fine Finks Spets

Ch. Hammon Urpo, the winner of the Finks Spets classes at Helsingfors this year. He is a field-trial as well as a beauty champion

Not long ago, a certain man bought a Finks Spets in the north of Finland and took it to the south of the country. He kept it tied up for a fortnight, and then let it loose. It never hesitated a moment, but made tracks for its old home, five hundred kilometres away—and arrived there safely. If you beat a Spets when it is hunting, it merely removes itself, curls up in the forest and does not rejoin you until a few days later, when you may be presumed to have recovered your temper! He is not concerned over the matter of feeding, because he can perfectly well look after himself by catching mice and birds, and, indeed, he prefers that to more civilised food.

HE accompanies his master when the latter goes out shooting, especially after capercailzie. He ranges through the forest and locates the latter, following it from tree to tree and giving tongue so as to show the hunter where it is. His voice must be silvery, not harsh or squeaky, and when he is hunting capercailzie he must not give tongue over squirrel or other game. Perhaps the day is far spent when the chase is over; then master and dog lie down together beneath the shadow of the trees, lulled by the sound of the waters at Kallinkoski or Imatra, and sleep as primitive man and his dog must have slept fifty thousand years ago.

Sport with the Lid Off *(Continued from page 451)*

properly, the fly floated without drag down the little run, and up came the fish. For a moment I thought he was a good one, for he went away with the right sort of plunge, but the fight did not last. He was, alas! a grayling—a very big grayling, it is true, and by no means to be despised. Still, he had taken up a lot of time, and had only managed to prove once more that fishing has its disappointments.

BY hard work and low cunning, however, we did creel a trout or two, and now, as London begins to close in on me again, the disappointments of fishing are nothing to its enchantments. What other pastime could take jaded creatures like myself to such lost and lovely corners of the countryside, or could be so truly re-creative to harassed nerves and tired minds? And I refuse to believe that there is anywhere more beautiful in the world than the Hampshire water-meadows at this season of the year.

AH, well—we live by contrasts—and certainly it was a contrast to watch Walter Neusel, the young German heavyweight, fighting his return match with Don McCorkindale.

It was a disappointing fight—not so desperately dull as the previous bout between these two—but Neusel seems to have lost the fire of youth which made him so promising a boxer a year ago. His hands have gone back on him—a terrible fate for a fighter—but there is something more than that: a lack of devil which suggests that he should take a long rest from the ring.

In the meanwhile, Jack Petersen continues his schedule of contests in the open air at Cardiff, and on June 26th he will take on the veteran George Cook.

I SHOULD be inclined to say that this will be by far the stiffest test Petersen has ever had. Hitherto he has met second-raters, and although Cook is not in the first flight, he combines vast experience with hickory toughness. Happily for Petersen, Cook is very rarely able to produce a knock-out punch, but he will certainly find a way to counter Petersen's strength and aggression.

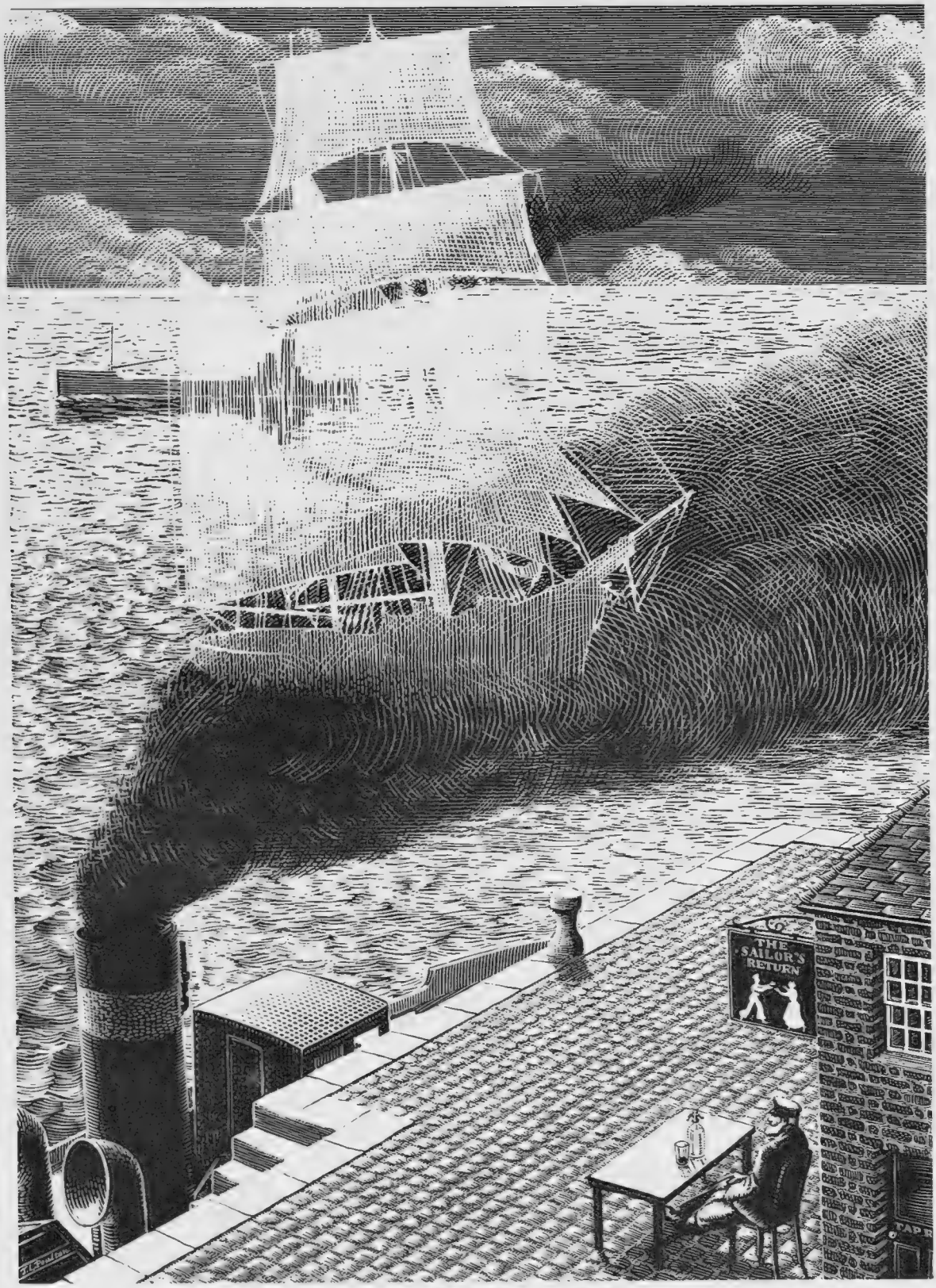
Cook, in fact, is just the sort of trial-horse for Petersen, who needs a succession of such opponents if he is ever to have a shot at the world's championship.

The Golfers' Club Open Amateur Meeting at Worplesdon

R. Sweeny junr., winner of 36-hole handicap, and J. de Forest

J. A. Board and F. L. Rankin step out quickly to the fourth tee

TO end on a happy note, I wonder if you heard of the cricket incident in Lancashire, which shows the popularity of L. N. Constantine, the West Indian all-rounder? A large crowd assembled to watch Constantine, who, in an impetuous moment, allowed himself to be bowled without scoring. The crowd were sorely disappointed, so the club committee held a swift meeting, and Constantine was allowed to go in again, when he did make some runs, and everyone was content. Against all the traditions, perhaps, but how natural and refreshing after the usual austerities of cricket in the highest circles!



Some say that what is past is past — that the good old days can never be again. But wiser men know better! Over a glass of Johnnie Walker they see once more the tall ships go by, and live once more the old spacious years. What dreams lie deep within the amber depths of this old mellow whisky. What memories its very name recalls. 'Johnnie Walker'—words themselves older than any man alive . . . and still going strong!

Wanted : The Ideal Passenger

By The Earl of Cardigan

Above : a contingent of Eccles Caravans on their way to the Cheltenham R.A.C. Caravan Rally. The Eccles Trailer in the foreground secured first prize in the competition for the most skilful driving, reversing, and limbering-up

W. T. Platt, in an M.G. Midget, taking the bend in the Open Annual Hill Climb at Shelsley Walsh, near Worcester, organised by the Midland Automobile Club

WHEREVER motoring is discussed, in print or otherwise, it is both usual and natural for the essential qualities of the ideal driver to come under review. In conversation, it is generally the inexpertness of the novice or the rash conduct of the selfish motorist which sets the ball rolling. " One meets some queer customers on the road nowadays . . ." is perhaps the commonest of opening gambits, and one may be sure that some long tale will follow, with the obvious moral that there are some road users sadly in need of a few driving lessons.

Again, various exponents of the art of driving may be compared and contrasted. " I don't call X——— a specially good driver," someone may say. " He does this, or omits to do that, or the other thing." Always it is the standard or the style of driving which arouses comment and provokes argument.

Certainly, one must agree, of the several occupants of any motor-car, the driver is far and away the most important individual. On him the safe and efficient conduct of the whole party depends. The others are but passengers, and, as such, play a much inferior rôle.

There are occasions, however, when a passenger may do much to make or mar the success of a motoring trip. The ideal passenger is sometimes just as much to be desired as the ideal driver, and he is, if possible, almost a rarer bird. It is surprising, this being so, that he is so seldom discussed or considered.

It is mainly in holiday touring, when cars venture off the beaten track and into unfamiliar country districts, that the passenger comes into his own. The chief service which he can then render is to read the map—and it is remarkable how well, or how hopelessly badly, this apparently straightforward task can be performed.

THE good passenger, in the first place, understands *when* the assistance of the map is likely to be needed. He does not spread it out wildly—if it is of the folding variety—at all sorts of inconvenient times ; nor does he contrive to let it disappear at the one moment when it is urgently required. He perceives in advance the point at which some problem is likely to arise, and has the essential information in readiness beforehand.

If, for instance, one road is shown leading into a village, but two roads leading out of it on the far side, he is able to say, " Go steadily here. The road will divide within the next half mile, and we must take the right-hand fork. The sign-post will probably say ————." What a relief this is—by contrast with the flurried, " Stop ! We must have over-shot that turning. Wait, while I look it up," of the inexpert navigator !

Sharp eyes are also a great asset in a passenger. It constantly happens that, when a cross-road is approached, the driver's attention is, of necessity, riveted mainly upon the road. It is a real help to him if, at a distance of fifty yards, he can be informed of the direction in which he must turn.

In this connection I suggest that the good map-reader will not always depend upon seeing on the sign-post the actual name of the next town ahead. Where it is necessary to go straight on over a crossing, the appropriate arm of the spot is usually invisible until the car is almost level with it. In this case, it is better to be guided by the two clearly readable signs pointing right and left.

Thus, the left-hand arm of the sign-post may say Bumbleton, and that on the right Mudville. If the navigator knows that the route desired lies in between these two villages, he is justified at once in saying, " Straight on ! " It may be prudent to check this deduction by a glance at the straight-ahead arm as the sign-post is passed ; but the odds are enormously in favour of its being correct.

The ideal passenger should also be considerate in the matter of luggage. It is not always realised that what gives trouble in the loading of a car is not the actual amount of baggage, but, rather, the size and shape of the various articles. Generally speaking, two suit-cases are always to be preferred to one large trunk, since no amount of " wangling " will make the latter fit comfortably into a limited space.

It is rare, nowadays, for road conditions to be encountered which seriously hamper the progress of an efficient car. It is not unknown, however, for the aid of a passenger to be very welcome in this department also. Once in a way, a hill is met with having so loose a surface that the back wheels cannot readily obtain a grip. In such a case, it is helpful if the passenger or passengers on the back seat will do a bit of " bouncing "—the effect of this being to check wheel-spin.

I remember once driving a very powerful car up a particularly bad hill. Its very superfluity of engine power made an attack of wheel-spin on the looser sections almost a certainty. This being so, I arranged that two back-seat passengers, on a signal being given, should bounce up and down vigorously and simultaneously. This was done, and the result was a smooth and perfectly successful climb—although the effect, to an onlooker, may have been somewhat ludicrous !

* * *

A DATE to be noted in the motorist's calendar is June 10th, when Messrs. Henlys' rally at Heston Airport is to take place. This is now an annual event, and, with its combined motoring and flying interest, a deservedly popular one. Among the attractions is to be a parachute descent by John Tranum, the world's record-holder.

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Through the Norwegian Wonderland

THE beauty of the fjords of Norway is known to a very large and ever-increasing number of British tourists, but it is not realised so generally, perhaps, that the interior of Norway is also a land of great beauty—of broad, fertile valleys, rapid-flowing rivers rushing between steep verdure and tree-clad banks, and topped by mountains with snowy crests; placid lakes, their surface reflecting the green tints of the hills surrounding them and the blue of the sky above; and remote upland plains, where, in the summer-time, you will see the picturesque peasant-life of Norway unspoiled by innovation from the outer world.

In the Uplands of Norway

One of the most lovely stretches of lake and mountain scenery lies in the region between Alesund and Vestnes, and is a very favourite route for travellers

THIS is the Norway the railways reveal to you. In spite of tremendous natural obstacles, lines have been constructed which take you to every part of this scenic wonderland the fjord steamer fails to reach, and the combination, rail and steamer, enables you to see the beauty of Norway in all its aspects. Thus, from either Oslo or Bergen, you may journey for hundreds of miles, skirting tumbling, rapid-strewn rivers, traversing pleasant valleys, curving around lovely lakes, and winding your way around mountain heights, where you marvel that the ingenuity of man has enabled you to travel in safety and comfort.

And whether you travel far north—to the historic city of Trondhjem, over the Dovrefjeld, up the Romsdal valley, by the rushing Rauma River, or over the high mountains which lie between Oslo and Bergen, and see, at Finse, the winter sports' playground of Norway—you will certainly wish to repeat your journey by rail through the Norwegian Wonderland!

A view over the foaming Rauma River, from the Rauma Railway, which crosses the beautiful wooded valley of Romsdal

He · ·

"Blow that press photographer — he's got us again"

She · ·

"Well—if they call us the quick-starting pair my people will have forty fits"

EVERYBODY KNOWS...

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating in Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days.

The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. The years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows the value of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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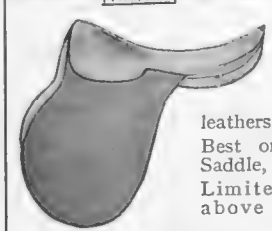

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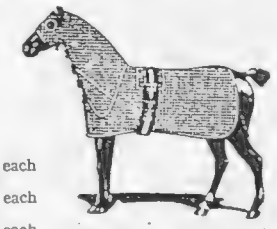

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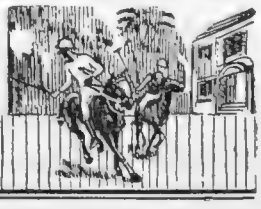


Greyhound Racing: By "White Citizen"

IT is one of the most pleasant features of greyhound racing that this, one of the newest and yet one of the most popular of all sports in this country, is always out to help in the cause of charity. Recently at Harringay a special matinée meeting was held in aid of the North London Hospitals, and this is the fifth year in succession that officials, stewards, kennel-boys, and other employees of the Greyhound Racing Association have gladly volunteered their services. A large sum of money is each year raised by special meetings organised by the Greyhound Racing Association for charity, and those hospitals which have benefited because of this most recent meeting are the Royal North Hospital, Holloway Road; the Prince of Wales's Hospital, Tottenham; the Hornsey Cottage Hospital; and the Passmore Edwards Cottage Hospital, Wood Green—this last hospital will benefit for the first time this year, and it is an interesting fact that such is the popularity of these meetings that it has been found possible to add to the list of those to benefit. The three other hospitals have received between them nearly £7,000 from previous meetings at Harringay. The Greyhound Racing Association have arranged to hold several other charity meetings at the White City during the year and the greyhound-racing public is not slow to come in its thousands to support these most deserving charities.

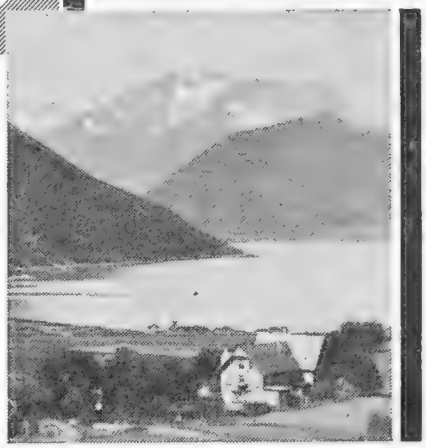
HARRINGAY has also solved a problem which has been troubling many young lives in Islington. For long, every loyal member of the Islington and District Schools' Cricket Association has been most disturbed in his mind with regard to pitches for the more important of the cricket matches played by the schoolboys of the district. There is a great lack of playing-pitches for all sports in this country, which is being remedied where it is possible, but, unfortunately, this is, of necessity, a very slow operation. The directors of the Greyhound Racing Association, however, have come to the rescue of the schools in North London. They have granted permission for these schoolboy cricket matches to be played on the large oval green whose boundary is the Harringay greyhound track. This facility has been granted, of course, quite free of all charge, and the Company's catering contractors have agreed to supply refreshments. Not only the hospitals in the north of London, therefore, but also the schools owe a deep debt of gratitude to the directors of the Greyhound Racing Association for their willing and helpful co-operation in organising these charity meetings and in providing the playing-pitch which has been so badly required for such a long time.

The Grand National Favourite

Long Hop, the favourite for the Greyhound Grand National at the White City, strained a shoulder before the first heats, but massage is expected to put him right before the great day

IT is impossible for me, writing before the first heats of the Grand National are disputed, and therefore not knowing those dogs which will form the final of the race to be run at the White City on June 10th, to give you any idea of a likely winner. On the other hand, I shall have no other chance of doing so, since this issue is dated to appear three days before the event itself. I can only say that if Long Hop, last year's winner, has emerged successfully from the preliminary heats, then I, for one, will look no further for the winner. I do not often give a tip, but here is one, for once.

A Holiday in NORWAY is full of interest



THE Norwegian scenery has no counterpart in the world. It is austerely grand, yet unendingly beautiful. Wherever you go you will find some new interest—entirely different from anything you have known.

The people are hospitable and their hotels are comfortable. Both food and cooking are excellent. The cost is really moderate. En pension terms from 9/ per day or less for a prolonged stay.

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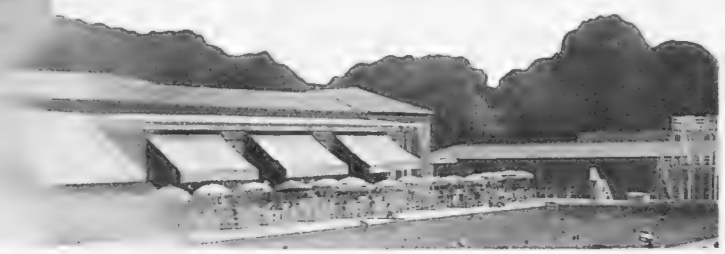

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The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

POWDER.

The Much-discussed Question of whether Make-up is harmful is finally answered by the Latest Face Powder, irradiated with Ultra-Violet Rays, which is actually beneficial to the Complexion.

EVEN in my tentative and humble youth I was never convinced by the statements of my prejudiced elders that I would "ruin" my complexion if I used powders and creams. I looked about me and saw hearty country cousins with coarse, veined, and wrinkled skins, innocent of all make-up, while lovely ladies of my acquaintance, some of them no longer young, with fine, well-cared for complexions, quite obviously resorted to the enhancement of the powder-puff and hare's-foot. I drew my own conclusions and bought some face powder—a dereliction I have never regretted.

Inferior cosmetics and neglect of the necessary cleansing treatments may harm the skin by clogging the pores, thereby coarsening it and causing black-heads and acne. But modern beauty culture, which is almost universally practised, is designed to cleanse and refine the skin, making it clear and healthy and active, and high-class cosmetics not only enhance natural beauty, but are, in most cases, protective and beneficial, rather than harmful. The proof of this is that, nowadays, nearly every woman "makes up" to some extent, and yet there are more lovely and youthful complexions than ever there were in the days when the ignorant prejudice against cosmetics made their use almost a social crime.

SINCE the highly successful alliance between science and beauty culture has been consummated there are, constantly, improvements and discoveries in the field of beauty culture, and one of the latest and most interesting is the production of a new and unique face powder, irradiated with ultra-violet rays, which is actually stimulating and beneficial to the skin.

This powder is presented by Miss Barbara Gould, internationally known as a serious beauty specialist and counsellor, and is the result of extensive research and experiment in her famous New York laboratories. An eminent scientist, Dr. Curt P. Wimmer, of Columbia University, subjected the powder to a series of stringent tests, including exposure to photographic plates which proved conclusively that the violet rays are maintained in the powder.

The beneficial effect of the violet rays upon the skin is well known, and their presence in a delightful and fragrant toilet powder of particularly fine texture is therefore of general interest to women of all ages. It can be used with full confidence by young girls who do not want to look made-up and are anxious not to mar naturally fresh and lovely complexions by the use of coarsening and deleterious cosmetics to which harmful ingredients are added for the sake of their adhesive properties. It is also invaluable and restorative in cases where the complexion has been adversely affected by heavy make-up, improper treatments, illness and fatigue.

The ultra-violet ray powder is slightly heavier than some face powders, but it is so fine and so little is required to produce a lovely matt effect that it does not give that undesirable "made-up" appearance, and the effect of the violet rays it contains is to stimulate and nourish the skin and encourage the elimination of impurities and the growth of new, healthy skin.

At Barbara Gould's salon, 123, New Bond Street, her wonderfully refreshing and rejuvenating treatment is given which includes the special "magic massage" of neck and shoulders as well as facial treatments and the delicious silken mask, steeped in cooling tonic lotions—of the strength demanded by individual conditions—while the final make-up includes the use of ultra-violet ray powder, of which the beneficial effects are quickly discernible.

This application of scientific treatment to a toilet accessory for general use seems to me of very real importance and still another step forward in the amazing progress of practical beauty culture.

Barbara Gould's treatments and preparations can be warmly recommended, and her creams and lotions are delightful, but the powder can be employed in conjunction with any other habitually-used preparations.

L. Butner

VILLARS S/BEX (Switzerland)

It is lovely anywhere in bright and sunny Switzerland, but at Villars-sur-Bex, Switzerland becomes the super-holiday land.

The magnificent Villars Palace, with its two subsidiary comfortable hotels: the Grand Hotel Muveran and the Hotel Bellevue, offer the finest modern accommodations and facilities for every sport.

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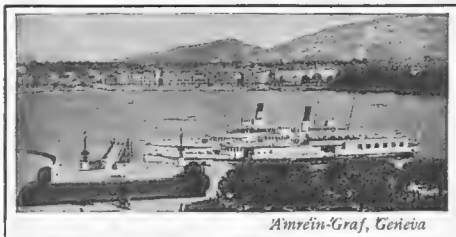

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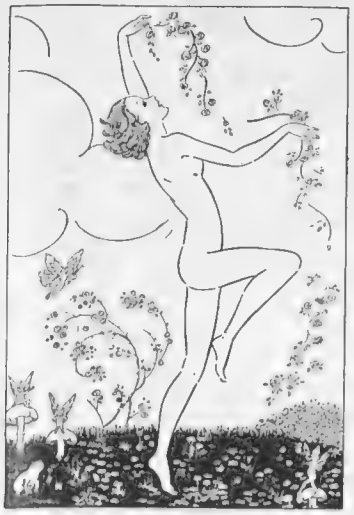

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The Editor's Box

"Carrick Days"

"Carrick is a kingdom by itself, rock-girt and bounded by mysterious hills, a land which reaches one's heart and lives there—for ever." So says Mr. D. C. Cuthbertson in the Foreword to his book, *Carrick Days* (Grant and Murray; 7*s.* 6*d.*), and so he proves in every chapter that follows. The Highlands, the Isles, the Border proper, have their romantic, stirring and lovely histories which have fired the imaginations of many a man who has never been north of the Tweed, but Carrick, that corner of Scotland lying south of Ayr and inland from the rocky south-west coast, has its own devoted lovers. Mr. Cuthbertson is one of these; his appreciation of that lovely countryside, his knowledge of the history and legends of the castles and the square plain Scottish houses, and the families that lived in them, his understanding of the country people who are linked so closely with the past, find their way into his every sentence. His descriptions of the sea-roads, the valleys, the villages and little woods give as vivid a picture as the photographs, many of them his own, with which the book is illustrated. He has caught the authentic atmosphere of ballad and history, which is in the very wind that blows over the Carrick hills.

Mr. D. C. Cuthbertson

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

VARIOUS LOBSTER DISHES

Lobster Mornay

Chop up the meat of a lobster, put it into an earthenware stewpan with a little white bechamel sauce, a small piece of butter, and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce. Season with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and cayenne, and squeeze over the juice of a lemon. Stir over the fire for a few minutes, and mix with two yolks of eggs. Fill some casseroles with this, sprinkle over with breadcrumbs, and lastly some oiled butter. Brown in a sharp oven.

Lobster Salad in Aspic

Pour liquid aspic jelly into a border mould to the depth of half an inch, and let it set. Have ready the meat of a lobster cut into small pieces, lay it in a circle in the mould, but not touching the sides. When the top of the mould is reached, fill up with more aspic jelly, and put it away to set. Clean a lettuce and break it up. When the mould is set, turn out the jelly, and fill the centre with the lettuce, over which pour plenty of mayonnaise sauce. Garnish with cucumber and hard-boiled eggs, and keep in a cool place until served.

Lobster Pillau

Take the meat of a lobster and cut it into pieces, put into a saucepan 2 oz. of butter, and stir into it three-quarters of a cupful of well-washed rice, cook slowly, stirring constantly until the rice is yellow; add a little salt and pepper, and one cupful of boiling water. Cover and cook gently, adding, from time to time, a little more boiling water, but no more than the rice can absorb; stir gently with a fork. When the rice is tender, in about twenty minutes, add the cut lobster, which has been sprinkled with one tablespoonful of lemon-juice and one tablespoonful of melted butter. Stir very carefully, and when it is thoroughly hot serve at once, and have brown bread and butter handed.

Lobster au Gratin

Cut a good sized lobster right down the middle, save the four shells, having scraped out all the meat from the tail, head, and claws. Chop into small pieces, put into a saucepan a little flour, butter, cream or milk, and half a shallot chopped very fine. Mix this well with the lobster, season to taste. Fill the shells, then sprinkle with breadcrumbs, and put into the oven for a few minutes until the top is a nice golden colour.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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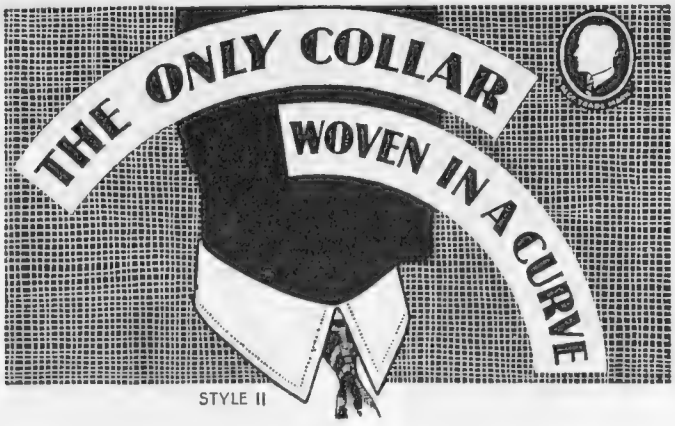

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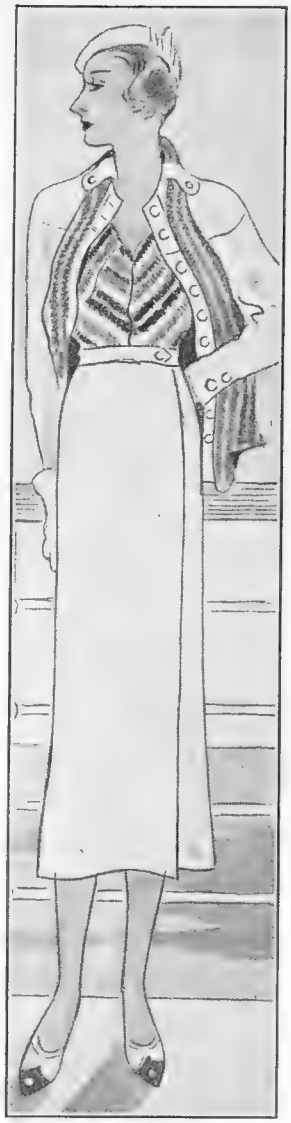

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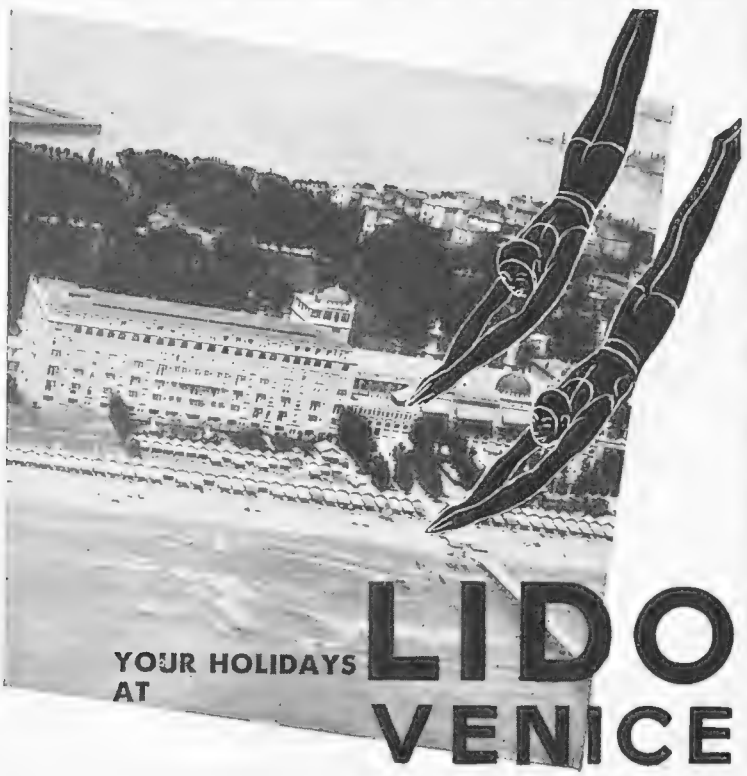

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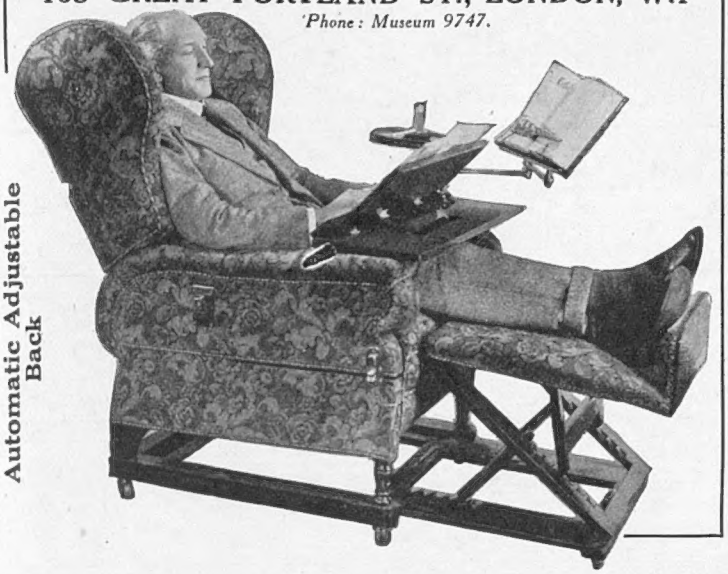

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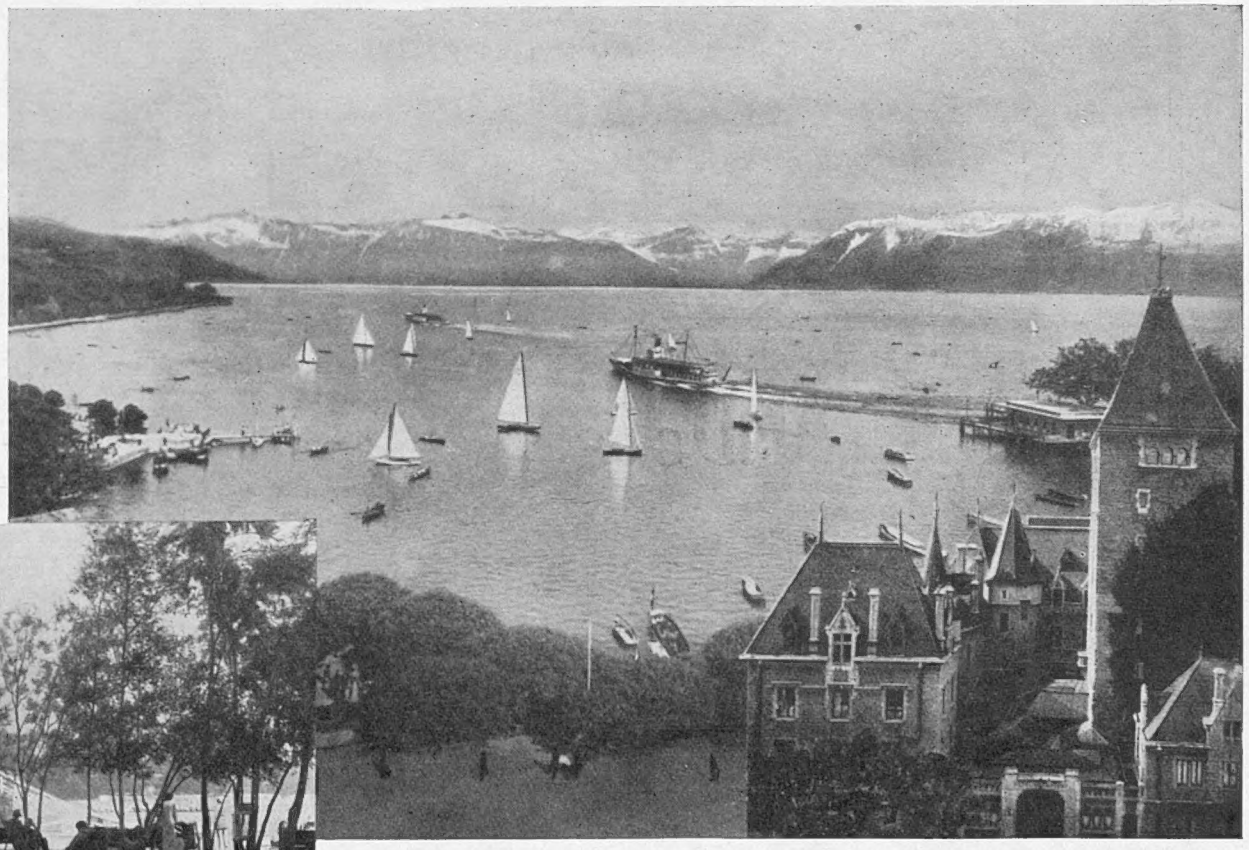

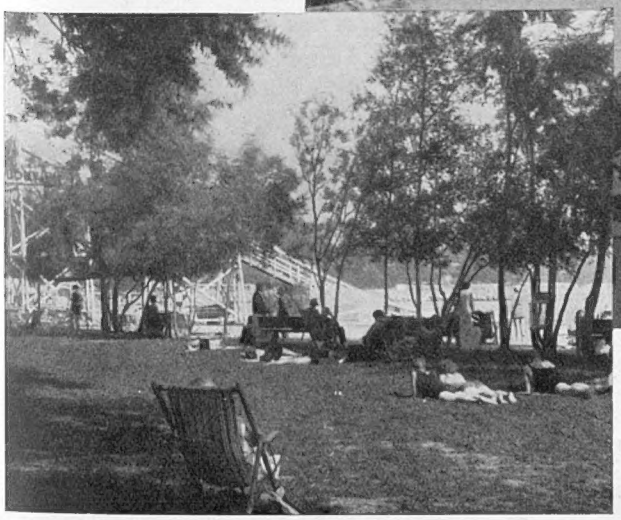

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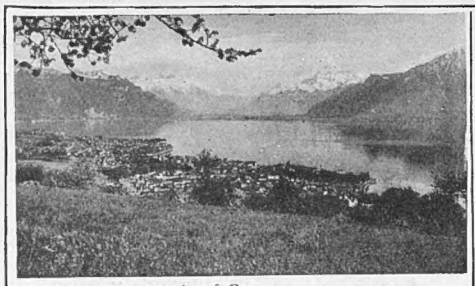

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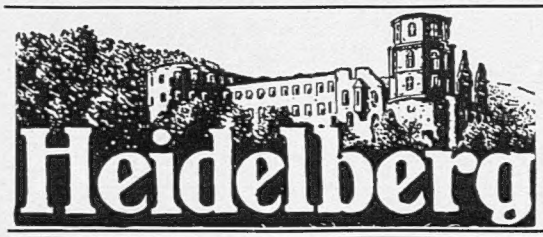

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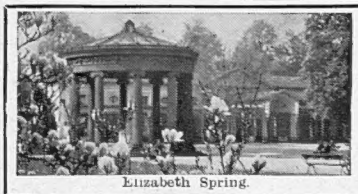

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